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MOST people like to know something about the writers whose opinions they read in article form. Hendrik Willem Van Loon, for instance—whom every one remembers for his "Story of Mankind"—is now living in Westport, Connecticut, whence he has recently published still another book, "America." His article on "Big Bill" Thompson, which heads this issue, was written at our request.

Arthur Davison Ficke, whose paper continues the discussion of marriage started some time since in The Outlook, is well known as a poet and essayist. His article is the result of reading Dr. Collins's recent paper and being considerably stirred up thereby. He has recently become a New Mexican, and lives near Santa Fé.

Charles Merz is an editorial writer for the New York "World." He surveys life from the high tower of the Pulitzer Building, and of late has taken to penning essays and publishing them in "Harper's," The Outlook, and elsewhere.

THESE three men have written the leading articles in this issue. But the mere rehearsal of their names makes us wonder whether our readers often reflect on the number of other minds which have busied themselves in making this magazine—men who are studying politics and foreign affairs; women who are spending their time with modern authors and with humble people; critics who are attending concerts, theatres, and movies; journalists who are going to Senatorial debates in Washington, to political meetings in Paris, or motor-boat shows in New York; editors who are weighing current happenings, day by day, and ascertaining the facts sent them from special correspondents from Texas, California, London.

ALL these people contribute to the making of each issue of The Outlook, every week. What they say is doubly worth reading because it is succinctly said. But each word contributed is the outcome of thought, the product of an intelligent mind. Variety in small space is the result.

TO put it briefly, The Outlook is not a paper made with paste and shears. Every word in it is especially written for its pages and judged worth reading. It just happens that the name of Hendrik Van Loon—like Abou ben Adhem—leads all the rest.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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Courtesy A. C. Goodyear, Buffalo, N. Y.

PORTRAIT OF A MAN, BY CÉZANNE

Paul Cézanne, the eccentric Provençal, is the father of the "modern" school of painters. Neglected and even ridiculed at one time by his fellow-artists, he is today acknowledged the most important artist the nineteenth century produced

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The Outlook

Volume 148 February 8, 1928 Number 6

"Big Bill" Thompson

By HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

THE psychologists have a nice little game. They mention a word . . . any word at all . . . Coolidge . . . sevenhundredandseventy-seven . . . brown . . . dog-eared, or what-have-you? The patient is supposed to answer those queries with the rapidity of a machine gun. And the professor by means of such an *examen rigorosum* is able to establish the co-efficient of the patient's grandmother's reaction to the beauty stimulus of the Winged Victory within one-tenth of a centigrade of correctness.

For several years Big Bill Thompson, of Chicago, has been general provider of psychological fun for the politely amused citizens of the Eastern seaboard. Just whisper "Thompson" to anybody that lives east of Buffalo, and he will reply at once: "Big Bill, eh? There is a fool for you! A great big, blustering he-man. He is making us the laughing-stock of the whole world. He is just an ignorant demagogue. All right for a city where everybody carries a gun. But there is nothing to him—just absolutely nothing. He is a false alarm. He has a crowd of followers among the riff-raff of the stockyards. But he is of no importance. Of no importance at all. He will continue to make a little noise for a little while longer, then even his own people will tire of him. No, sir, there's nothing to him but a lot of noise. A few months more, then we shall turn to more serious matters and we shall never hear of him again."

I respectfully beg to disagree with this statement and with this sentiment. My opinion of the Hon. William is not very high. As a matter of fact, I sincerely and honestly believe that we would be much better off if the Hon. William had gone on one of those distant expeditions of which he is forever talking. But I am afraid of the man. He is no fool. To millions of his neighbors he is a hero, and at the next Presidential election he is going to be a serious menace. All of which I hope to prove to you with the minimum of words and a minimum of personal resentment.

I use the word "hero," and I mean the word in its original sense, as one "favored by the gods." The gods in this case are of our own making. They are the slightly spurious deities created by the propaganda bureaus of the Allied and Associated nations during the recent upheaval in Europe. They are the false divinities that were called upon in our hour of need, but which ought to have been relegated back to the limbo of oblivion the moment the German war monster had been sent to the Hohenzollerische Kriegs-Museum.

Big Bill is not a pleasant phenomenon of our present political development. But he is a creature of our own making.

There is no use in getting angry about him or over him or at him.

We will have to bear with him as Germany had to bear with the depreciation of the mark, and as Russia has to bear with the visitation of Bolshevism, and that is that.

WHEN the war came, we were on our way to become an "American" people. Don't ask me to give a definition of the word "American." I know what I mean when I write it, and you probably know what I mean when you read it. We were transplanted Europeans, but, unlike other transplanted Europeans in different parts of the world, we had cheerfully and willingly broken the thread that bound us to our diverse fatherlands and mother countries. Some people had broken that thread more successfully than others, but in a general way it was safe to say that we felt that we were, and by rights ought to be, something different from mere "colonials;" that we had a special, almost divine duty to be something different; and that the world in general would be better off if we succeeded in becoming something entirely different.

Then came the war, and all our good resolves came to naught. And right here I must draw your respectful if shocked attention to a development which was as sudden as it was unsuspected. The famous melting-pot, that mysterious caldron of national and racial prejudices which was supposed to distill a million heterogeneous elements into a compact mass of sound American citizenry, suddenly ceased to function. Once more blood threatened to manifest its well-known tendency to prove stronger than the water of the broad ocean which separated us from our conscious past.

Most of our people reverted back to their immediate past. But whereas in the case of the Anglo-Saxon this was regarded as a token of righteousness, it was denounced as a sign of unmistakable wickedness if the suspected citizen happened to bear the name of Mueller or Meier and was the grandson of a humble burgher born in Cologne or of a woman who hailed from Wolffenbuettel.

In short, one-half of the Nation, the half that socially and financially was the strongest, turned savagely upon the other half, that was supposed to live in beery ignorance among the wilds of Minnesota and Wisconsin and Illinois and Ohio, and set itself up as the spiritual keeper of a newly discerned National virtue that looked for all the world like a statue of Beatrice Lillie posing as Britannia. That those selfish descendants of the Meiers and Muellers made excellent and eager soldiers, that they bought billions of Liberty Bonds, that they were the grandchildren of people who had every reason to detest the German war machine and were willing to do battle upon it to the utmost of their

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courage and ability—all those little items were entirely overlooked in the moment of anxiety and panic. The names of those unfortunate pariahs were wrong. They sang the wrong songs. They ate the wrong food. They were apt to consider Goethe a greater man than immortal William. Hence they must be harassed and badgered and called names and threatened and be made to feel that they were only "citizens on probation." Of course, they did not like this at all. But they were helpless. Brother Palmer enrolled a million bright young citizens to act as his spies and *agents provocateur*. The rest was Leavenworth and silence.

ALL of which brings us to Big Bill and the "situation" along the banks of Lake Michigan. I shall tell you little about the antecedents of Big Bill. Contrary to the opinion generally held in the East, he is not an ignorant product of the slums. He belongs to an old family of Anglo-Saxon stock. He was never obliged to worry about his daily bread and jam, having been born to a considerable amount of money and leisure. He received a good all-round education. He may torture the King's English upon occasion, but he is familiar with correct usage of the President's vernacular. Also he is ambitious.

As far as I can see, that ambition is the entirely righteous ambition to be elected President of the United States of America.

Now, somewhere in his early youth, Big Bill must have read a life of Henry IV. That shrewd monarch, on changing his religious allegiance, made the famous and practical remark that "Paris was worth going to an occasional mass."

Big Bill does not have to go to mass unless he wants to please his Irish friends. His problem is infinitely easier. All he has to do is to make an occasional clown of himself to gain the instant good will of millions of his fellow-citizens. Surely he is not the first one to discover that the road to the White House does not run through the realm of reason and that one emotion in the hand is worth ten sound facts in the bush.

The emotion in question is as simple as it is fundamental.

Big Bill appeals almost exclusively to the people who have a grievance.

People with a grievance make the best of all possible constituents.

And in the case of Thompson they are the people who during the war were allowed to do their share and who in return for their services were denounced as an inferior grade of citizens and as "undesirable aliens" by thousands of young men with nifty khaki trousers and the agreeable consciousness that for once in their lives they were "gentlemen," even if it had taken an act of Congress to make them so.

THE steamboat lines inform us every year that almost half a million citizens go to Europe. It is generally supposed that such trips to foreign lands broaden the traveler. Unfortunately, the majority of those trippers do not go to foreign shores to learn, but to teach. They regard themselves as harbingers of good tidings. They are prophets of a new era. They want to instruct the backward tribes of the war-torn Continent in the ways of peace and prosperity, of soda fountains and wardrobe trunks. This does little harm to the nations thus afflicted; they keep the change and continue to gather around the wine bottle and to travel with cardboard boxes and bundles done up in last week's "Figaro." But such pilgrimages devoted to the great uplift do little to promote an understanding of foreign ways of thought among the actual crusaders, and, as a result, while we visit more foreign countries than any other nation, we know less about our neighbors than does the man in the moon.

In times of peace this sublime and proud ignorance does not matter. But when we are at war it becomes a very serious question, and if history or experience could ever teach anybody anything the recent conflict would have shown us the error of our ways.

Take the Irish, who are among the stanchest of the Hon. William's supporters. The professional Anglo-Saxons of the East felt, and continue to feel, that the Irish were miserable traitors to the cause of righteousness; that they used the occasion when the dear mother country was sorely beset by her Teutonic enemies to attack the dear mother country in the back, and that they hoped to gain their own freedom with the help of the German submarines and German machine guns.

The Irish, if I am correctly informed, did not see things in quite that light. In the first place, they flatly refused to regard Great Britain as the mother country. At best it was stepmother, with all the worst features of that sort of synthetic parent. But, even granted that Ireland was a dependency or a colony of England, had not the United States of America acted in precisely the same way toward the mother country during the days of the Revolution? Had they not plotted with all the enemies of Great Britain to gain their own independence? Had they not made an alliance with France, the traditional enemy of everything that hailed from across the Channel? Had they not accepted money from the unspeakable Catherine of Russia? Had they not taken loans from Holland and cajoled that country into another and disastrous war with England? And how about that regrettable event in the year 1812, when America made war upon England at the very moment the island was threatened with a French invasion? I am not taking sides in the argument, I am merely trying to show you that those who are the loyal friends of Big Bill (because he is their loyal friend) feel that they have a perfectly good cause. It may seem a bad cause to us, but the ballot-box is impartial and a million Irish votes for the Hon. William are a million votes. Eastern papers please copy.

NEXT, take the Germans. Their case, of course, is exceptional. For fifty years the honest Teutons had been held up as the paragons of all the civic virtues. The Germans were hard-working. The Germans loved their families. They did not graft. They might not be very ornamental, but they were thorough and thrifty, and during the Rebellion they had enlisted to a man and had borne the brunt of many a desperate battle in the wilderness and in the valley of the Mississippi. Came the war, and overnight those patient plodders became the "enemy in our midst." Their music was proscribed. Their language was denounced as a guttural dialect of Beelzebub. Their books were publicly burned. Their teachers were forced to devote themselves to Spanish ("such a great future before us in Latin America now that the Hun has been driven from the sea!") and to elementary French. Their natural leaders, who had been the open and avowed enemies of "Prussianism" when Theodore Roosevelt went fishing with Kaiser Bill and President Butler, and Brother Ochs in a special number of the "Times" celebrated William II as "the greatest genius of the age," were denounced as hired agents of the unspeakable Potsdam Gang and were either driven into a broken-hearted grave or were tolerated to exist in obscurity while their sons hastened to the nearest recruiting station and contrib-

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uted their national thoroughness to the problems of a war which developed into a contest of scientific-minded specialists.

All that is ancient history, you will say. Max Reinhardt is giving performances at the Century Theatre and the Dutchman is peddling bootleg beer on the corner and bygones are bygones. Perhaps so. But there still is a rankling feeling of grave injustice among millions of people of German descent. And Big Bill has made himself the spokesman of their silent resentment. I do not say that they are right. But remember that a million German votes for Thompson are a million votes and that ballot-boxes, unless stuffed, are impartial judges.

And that brings me to a powerful and lusty tribe of our own northland—a tribe of whom we know next to nothing except that its men and women cannot pronounce the letter G and that they commence every sentence with "I bane." I have not got the World Almanac here to give me the necessary data, but vast areas of our Middle West are densely populated by a people who hail from a land vaguely identified by the followers of Sinclair Lewis as "Scandihoovia." Specialists in postage-stamps and geography knew as long ago as the year 1914 that Scandinavia was composed of three parts—to wit, Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. But historians knew even more. They were familiar with the history of those estimable neutral nations, and they understood that, while none of them could possibly love the German military machine, neither could they feel a great deal of enthusiasm for the cause of the Allies. For all three of these sturdy countries have reason to remember that none of those self-same Allies who in the year of grace 1914 were fighting so courageously for the rights of the small nations had ever before within the memory of man cared a straw for the rights of any one who had happened to possess a harbor, a promontory, or a coal mine that might prove of profit to one of their most powerful neighbors.

The war has been over for almost ten years, and today we can say something about the inner feelings of many of the European neutrals. Those neutrals were sadly disillusioned people. Centuries of suffering and abuse at the hands of the big nations made most of them regard the great conflict as a sublimated dog fight. I know that this statement will come as a shock to many Americans who never read a page of European history until they received that concentrated instruction in the events of the past which was bestowed upon them by Mr. George Creel and his troupe of trained historians. But the feeling existed. It existed in Copenhagen and Stockholm and Amsterdam and Berne and Oslo. It was so strong that all the countless millions of words and dollars of a highly intensive and efficient form of Allied propaganda could not alter it. And when the war came to America the immigrants from the North were perfectly willing to fight for the American cause, but they resented the suggestion that in fighting the battles of their adopted country they were rendering a service to diverse European Powers for whom they felt not the slightest respect or admiration. The records of almost any American regiment will show that those people did their duty. But our Eastern patriots could not leave their Western neighbors alone. They must forever be dinning into their unwilling ears that self-government had started with Magna Charta (a strange historical delusion, to say the very least). They must be forever telling them that the Russian Czar was really a lover of mankind (an even stranger delusion). And when those people answered that William Shakespeare and Westminster Abbey meant very little in their lives, they must inform them that they lacked the true spirit of Americanism and must hint at certain Lutheran influences that had probably blinded the eyes of the immigrants to the true state of affairs and had made them lukewarm patriots who were willing to kill Germans but who obstinately refused to love Englishmen and Frenchmen and Russians and a dozen other newly acquired friends. The poor "foreigners" submitted to those well-meant but tactless insults.

Now, ten years later, they have some one who offers to be a mouthpiece for their grievances. And I have a suspicion that many, very many of them, will vote for Big Bill whenever he asks them for their support. They may be wrong. But a million Scandinavian votes are a million votes, and we should not overlook that unpleasant fact at the next election.

Suppose that I am right in what I have just written; then, what is the answer and what is the solution? Perhaps there is no answer and there are very few problems for which there is a definite solution. But there is one lesson which we should try to learn before it is too late and the Thompsons are given another chance to start a campaign that can lead to no possible good and will bring disgrace upon our country. That lesson, in plain English, bids us to remember that "America" happens to be "America," and can never hope to survive unless it remains "America." I am not preaching a narrow Nationalism. I would be the last to join the band of professional one-hundred-per-centers. What I mean is something entirely different. During the war we heard a great deal about the wickedness of pro-Germanism and pro-Irishism and pro-Swedishism, and no doubt all this was very foolish and should not have been tolerated. But the people who protested loudest against all those diversified forms of hyphenism were themselves the worst hyphens of all, for their own much-vaunted Americanism was invariably mixed with such violent pro-English and pro-French sympathies that they ceased to function as normal American citizens, and became *Ersatz* Britishers and Frenchmen. The self-same patriots who denounced every man and woman of German or neutral descent, who were suspicious of every American diplomat who did not loudly join the chorus of "Kill the Hun!" became the most ardent worshipers at a certain shrine in London where the American Eagle had been relegated to the basement and where the Cross of St. Andrew received a much more respectful homage than the domestic Stars and Stripes.

When this became known, the hyphenated fat was in the fire and the melting-pot became an evil-smelling caldron. If the Eastern seaboard was allowed to return to its ancestral allegiance and could loudly proclaim itself a wayward child that was hastening to the assistance of the beloved mother country, why should not the vast Middle West follow suit and express some sympathy for the land of its own ancestors?

The usual answer is so well known that I hardly need repeat it: "The English and the French were fighting for right and liberty, and the Germans were fighting for despotism and military tyranny. How could any one have been so blind as not to see this?" To tell you the truth, I think that a vast majority of the people of non-Anglo-Saxon origin understood all this quite clearly and were heartily in favor of a German defeat. But they wanted the war to be an American war. They had left Europe behind them when they dropped anchor at Ellis Island. They were perfectly will-

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A Poet also Looks at Companionate Marriage

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

The issue this Presidential year seems to be, so far, not prohibition nor farm relief, but marriage and its attendant questions of divorce and birth control. Dr. Joseph Collins raised it in The Outlook when he looked at Judge Ben Lindsey's book "Companionate Marriage." An extraordinary number of articles and letters followed. Few of the writers, it must be admitted, see eye to eye with the doctor. Mr. Ficke does not. He concludes that "universal birth control and complete freedom of divorce are inevitable steps which society will shortly take in its progress toward facilitating the individual solution of that very delicate and absolutely individual problem—marriage."

WHETHER we like the fact or not, marriage as an institution is undergoing a searching scrutiny today. Honest and thoughtful men see that all is not well. But wise and just men have ceased to blame all the trouble on the wickedness of the younger generation; rather, they ask themselves whether the conditions under which the young are expected to mate do not include elements that make happy mating difficult to achieve. So the institution of marriage is in for a very bad half-hour indeed.

This is not to suggest for a moment that our ancient ideal of the lasting marriage of one man to one woman has undergone any sea change into something poorer and stranger. The ideal remains—just as it has always been—the deepest hope of the human heart. But experience, supported by the scientific attitude of mind, has taught us a measure of wisdom; and we are more willing than our grandparents were to admit that the high hope expressed in the marriage ideal often fails. A rapidly increasing number of people are not satisfied to close their eyes and quote from some imaginary moral law. We are coming to agree that we want marriage to be wide enough to include provision for the cases of failure; and also we want marriage to be so adapted to individual needs that the chances of its succeeding will be increased.

The most important question that has to do with the marriages that fail is the matter of divorce. The most important question that has to do with providing favorable conditions for happy marriage is the matter of birth control. It merely confuses the problems to lump them together with other suggestions and call the heterogeneous mess "Companionate Marriage." Names will not help us to see clearly.

In a recent issue of The Outlook Dr. Joseph Collins discusses both the issues I have named. It is hard to find much in his views that is not extremely reactionary; and much of his argument relies on certain supposititious "duties to God and nature," whose existence has not yet been revealed to many quite intelligent people. Advice on the theory of marriage should always be distrusted when it comes from the older generation, whose consciousness of widespread failure in this field imbues them with a pessimism unknown to the young. The older generation would, to put it frankly, really not like it a bit if the young people, in their pathetically hopeful gropings, were actually to stumble on some happy amelioration of the married lot. Indeed, one can almost always detect in the marriage views of people past middle age a grim satisfaction in their conviction that marriage is going to be just as bad for young people forever as it was for them.

BIRTH control is a case very much in point. The mere thought of such a thing would curdle our grandmothers' blood—and this for reasons less strictly moral than our grandmothers might suppose. Part of the horror would be a kind of jealousy.

I do not impute this motivation to Dr. Collins; but I do find in his discussion of birth control a view-point that is far from constructive. Does Dr. Collins, himself a physician, devote one word to the hope that he and his fellow-practitioners will some day devise a safe and unobjectionable method of contraception? He does not! He points out that nature is a ruthless old bird, and that present contraceptive methods are either unsure, injurious, or "disharmonious." He is, of course, quite right in these statements; but he seems to be unaware that the pernicious effects of modern contraception are purely the result of the present unperfected technique. He says with truth that "the supreme objection to all methods is in the spiritual, not the material field;" but he nowhere phrases the obvious fact that it is solely the material difficulty that causes the spiritual difficulty. Continence does not cause the kind of spiritual difficulty he means; nor would contraception, if it were perfected into an ideal and doubtless discoverable simplicity.

Even at present, I will venture to guess that for every man or woman who has been unfavorably affected by contraception there are ten women who have been wrecked as the result of excessive or inopportune pregnancies. Doubtless the specialist in nervous diseases encounters the former class of cases, but not the latter; and certainly the specialist has no occasion whatsoever to be called into consultation by those millions of perfectly well, cheerful, intelligent people who thank Heaven for the very fair measure of security and freedom which even present-day contraception affords them. Does Dr. Collins honestly believe that out of the last one hundred married people he has met at dinner there is a single one who does not understand contraception, and who does not use it with a high degree of success?

Among other classes of society it is a different story. That information is inaccessible to any class is a fable which I personally cannot believe; but I well know that the intelligent and considerate will is often lacking on the part of the male. The consequences of this brutality are not easy to speak of. I would rather let experts speak.

I am a cruel person; and I would any time cheerfully pay my twenty-five dollars for a ringside seat to attend a debate at Madison Square Garden between Dr. Collins and a certain well-known New York woman doctor. Dr. Collins would have to take the anti-birth-control side; and Dr. Halton would take the pro-birth-control side. Only people with strong nerves should attend the show, for it would be a bloody battle; and no gentle-hearted person would like to sit on the side-line while one of the pugilists discussed the will of God and of nature, while his oponent beat him into a pulp with hideous facts.

There is no need, unless one is a militarist, of insisting that all people have

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dozens of children. The rich world of emotional romance that is involved in the bearing and rearing of children is not going to fall into desuetude even if most married people content themselves with a few children and some married people decide to have none at all. All talk of duty is superstitious nonsense.

Let us not forget that there are other vast and rich worlds of passionate experience—such as mathematics and poetry—into which no one dreams of forcing people who do not choose to live there. The fact that nature has made us all capable of parentage means nothing; only the unanalytical mind can see in that commonplace an indication that it is the will of God that we all procreate. A more reasonable view is that reproduction is a potential faculty, to be exercised by those who care to. Procreation, like celibacy, is a matter of personal taste; there is no duty either way. The ultimate absurdity is to try to minimize the spiritual importance of marriage for two people who, for whatsoever reason, choose not to reproduce themselves.

Now as to the matter of divorce: The genuine desire of either party to end a marriage is the only valid reason for ending it. Not adultery, not cruelty, not desertion, is half so good a reason as the real unwillingness of either spouse to continue the relation. All that is valuable in the marriage is already gone forever when this state of mind truly exists in either partner; and the only concern of the state is then to make an equitable determination of property rights and an adequate provision for the custody and education of the children. Beyond this, the state had better keep its hands off a private tragedy.

In America this condition already prevails among educated and sensitive people. We blush when some married couple of our acquaintance bickers in the divorce courts. On every side we see divorces obtained for the sole reason of one partner's request. All of them are obtained by what is, technically speaking, criminal collusion. The law, officially, still closes its eyes to the fact; but every one knows the truth about it.

This hypocrisy is not a pleasant or a permanent condition. A greater frankness will have to supplant it. That frankness will be the purely voluntary right of divorce enacted into American law.

Shriek though the ghosts of our grandmothers may at such a suggestion, the consequences would not be, in practice, so very terrible. The thing that old-fashioned minds allege is simply not true—that such freedom of divorce would lead to marriages so frivolous and so brief as to be mere escapades. Only very old and very unidealistic people could suggest that. Youth, full of hope and idealism, could not imagine such a thing. Youth longs for real love; the intentions of youth are honest; it takes old men to dream of brothels. The young man and the young girl passionately hunger for a lifelong happy marriage.

We who are no longer young would be wiser if, instead of trying to fetter the next generation with artificial bonds, we would create for their imaginations such ideals of the love of man and woman that they might enter marriage with an increased sense of love's possible beauty. Certainly, nothing can ruin a woman or a man except the abandonment of the attempt to live life intelligently and beautifully.

Without attempting to be a seer, one may conclude that universal birth control and complete freedom of divorce are inevitable steps which society will shortly take in its progress toward facilitating the individual solution of that very delicate and absolutely individual problem—marriage. The day when society tried to impose a solution is rapidly passing. For the attempt simply did not work.

To discuss marriage in public is an essentially foolish undertaking. But the necessity of doing so has been forced upon the individual, everywhere in the world, by the prying and bullying power of the neighbors. The thing which we call "society" is only the neighbors. The sooner we slap the neighbors' noses, the better for them and for us. The sooner the neighbors try to make marriage beautiful—and each one try to make his own marriage beautiful, and not try to regulate yours and mine unpleasantly—the happier we shall all be.

It is so hard for the interfering mind to realize that marriage is the most personal of all problems! Sometimes the attempt to explain that fact seems a hopeless undertaking. There can be a great deal of beauty and a great deal of happiness in marriage; but those desirable elements are not derived from the civil or religious laws that regulate that holy state.

"Big Bill" Thompson

(Continued from page 205)

ing to be good Americans. But when they were asked to be good Englishmen, good Frenchmen, Russians, Portuguese, Italians, and Peruvians besides being good Americans they felt an instant resentment, and in sheer self-defense and to save their pride they did and said many foolish things which they would never have said and done if they had not been goaded into action by their Eastern neighbors.

Thompson, I beg to assure you, is not a fool. He knows and understands and appreciates this feeling, as every one does who has ever had anything to do with the natives who dwell in the wilderness west of Newark, New Jersey, and Springfield, Massachusetts. He has merely capitalized it for his own benefit, and will continue to capitalize it for his own benefit as long as he has a chance. To call him names will do us little good. Such a course will only convince his admirers that their hero is even better than they had suspected.

There is only one way in which we can avoid a repetition of the unfortunate Thompson incident. We should remember that what is good fare for the goose is also good fare for the gander. As long as one part of the country insists upon singing "Rule, Britannia," another part is going to continue their "Deutschland, Deutschland über Alles."

As long as one part of the country insists that the Teutonic hymn must not be shouted from the top of the Milwaukee beer barrels, it must also refrain from indulging in sentimental ale feasts where George Washington is revered as a British gentleman rather than a first-rate and highly successful American rebel. And if this cannot be done, the country must expect a whole series of Thompsons. And just as soon as we shall have got rid of our Big Bill we shall have to deal with a Big John or a Big Harry or a Big Tom.

For such false leaders are not a cause, but a result, and they are the result of our own folly. This may not be flattering to our pride. But it will be even less flattering when we hear Big Bill's name mentioned as a possible occupant of the well-known white bungalow on F Street, Washington, D. C. That chance exists, and it exists in all seriousness.

And when I have told you that and have given you fair warning I have done my job.

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The Tale of the Youthful Shogun

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

THERE is only one world religion for boys, it seems to me—for boys on the sunnier side of twenty and for boys of larger growth. It is much older than Buddhism or Confucianism, one of the cults dating back to the very cradle days of the human race. Popularly, it is known as hero worship.

And, of course, I belonged to it heart and soul about the time when I first came in touch with Christianity.

DR. LAMBUTH, the American missionary, was fond of telling us boys the story of Jesus. We listened to him many hours. And about the only thing we got out of the patient hours was that Dr. Lambuth adored and worshiped the character of Jesus. That much was plain to us. We read the four Gospels. And about the only thing we got out of that hard labor was a puzzle: How on earth an intelligent man—a great and learned man like Dr. Lambuth—could see anything much in the character of Jesus?

Perhaps a pale, anæmic, far-away shadow of a man might be there. Even to find that much in the New Testament was no jest with most of us. Our young brains and our active legs went to sleep long before we could reach even that.

Jesus drove a lot of unarmed merchants and money-changers out of the Temple at Jerusalem once. But that seemed to us a mere child's gesture beside the heroic fights the monks of Hieizan were wont to put up against the armed forces of some of the greatest warriors of feudal Nippon.

The very title of Jesus—the Lamb of God—was something depressing and discouraging to us for some reason. Whoever thought of making a hero out of a lamb? I couldn't. None of my friends could. Another title of his—"King of kings and Lord of lords"—sounded fine and splendid to us. But all he did do—according to the New Testament—to back it up seemed to be that one day he rode into Jerusalem on a borrowed ass. And an ass is about the most depressing animal we could think of. And that was the first time we had ever read or heard that that animal had ever carried a hero on his triumphal entry into the city of his own. Jesus was so quiet and gentle. "The most perfect ladylike man I've ever heard of," said Gengo, the oldest boy among us, one day looking long and sadly at the portrait of the Saviour on the wall of the Bible class. And in that he photographed exactly the vague impression we boys had of Jesus.

One day Dr. Lambuth asked us about our professional story-teller—the *hanashika* or *kodanshi,* as he is called. We told him that he was quite an institution with us, established and ancient. For with us the *hanashika* is an expanded and somewhat (in spots, anyway) sublimated minstrel of mediæval Europe, minus the guitar. He deals in the same general brand of merchandise made famous by Homer. Dr. Lambuth wanted us to tell him some of the popular tales our *hanashika* told at the theaters. Could I give him a sample? I not only could, but thought it a fine chance to give Dr. Lambuth a hint on the sort of heroes for whom our souls hungered. So I opened up and gave him one of the prime favorites of Japanese boys—the story of Yagyu, Lord of Hida—the famous tutor in swordsmanship to the Third Shogun, Iemitsu.

AT the time the story begins the Shogun was young. He was exceedingly proud of his mastery of the sword. In those days there were in his court, among his young Samurai attendants, many able swordsmen. But most of them were courtiers—entirely too polite to show up the Shogun to his face.

One day the Shogun happened to pass the waiting-room of his *hatamoto*—the banner-bearers—in his Chiyoda Castle. There was a lot of loud talking among the Samurai gathered there.

"Whatever be your honorable arguments, there is only one thing which really tests the 'cutting-taste' of a sword," said a voice. "The real polish to a swordsman's arm comes from the practice on *iki-do*—on living bodies. I have tested my blades on many a *shi-do*—lifeless one—but of course for one like us to test our skill on the living flesh"—

The Shogun stepped into the room:

"Did I hear one of you say," he asked, "that one must test his blade on the living before he could really know the true worth of his skill with the sword?"

"*Korewa domo*—we are overwhelmed with awe," answered a Samurai.

"No need of being overwhelmed—come. Did you say that it is necessary to test one's sword on the living before one could really be sure of his ability?"

"Even as the august idea."

"Hum, I have not as yet tested my sword on the living. Let one of you, loyal subjects of mine, for loyalty's sake, step into the garden. I shall honor him with a stroke from my sword—a test for my skill," ordered the Shogun. His voice was even. There was not the remotest hint of a jest within a thousand miles of it. And silence fell upon the company of Tokugawa banner-bearers. Every one of them would have preferred a thousand deaths to the faintest suspicion of cowardice.

AT last one of them found his tongue: "Since it is for the testing of the august sword of our liege and master, we, your loyal subjects, welcome our Prince's command with gratitude. But all of us have been polishing our swords and schooling our arms for many long years now. And for one end—that we might be honored to offer our lives to our Prince in the hour of need. That we might claim the high distinction of falling in front of our Prince's steed—fighting in defense of the Prince, and on a field of battle. A sword can be tested on the untrained as on the trained with equal efficacy. To turn many years' training of your loyal subjects into a bubble under the august sword seems to the humble one as a waste of noble ability—a great pity. Just outside of the castle gate, along the outer moat, pass hundreds of untrained men of the market. May not one of them be a more fitting object to be honored with the testing of the august swordsmanship?"

This sound economic view went straight to the understanding of the Shogun. "True," said the young Shogun. "We shall try our blades on the raw material to-night."

THAT was how and why Shogun Iemitsu masked himself and stole out of the Chiyoda Castle that night accompanied by three of his *hatamoto Samurai*—Matsudaira, Kagazumi, and Oshima by name. They made their way out of the famous Sakurada Gate and hid themselves along the embankment of

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the castle moat, just outside of the gate, and waited for the coming of their unsuspecting game.

Presently a couple of young men of the artisan class came along talking and laughing at the top of their voices. Suddenly they froze to a dead stop.

"Stop!" came the shouted command out of the utter darkness. "Make ready for instant death. *Ude-dameshi—Katana-dameshi*—I shall test my sword and my arm on your living body—so, enter into enlightenment." A breathless split-second followed. It exploded with the shrill shout: "Murder!" It came from the two young artisans at the same time. A sword flashed in the dark. But the two victims were nowhere near it. When human legs race against death, they have a way of sprouting wings. The Shogun and his attendants were hopelessly outdistanced.

They did not have to wait for long for another victim. A fellow in the regulation costume of a servant of the Samurai household—a mushroom bamboo-scale hat and a red oil-paper raincoat—who is popularly known as a *gero,* a low fellow, came along.

OSHIMA rushed out from the cover with his sword drawn. He was not going to risk any more Marathon with winged legs; he made sure of his prey before he spoke. He punctuated it with a vicious descent of his blade. It took magic to escape that lightning. The *gero* in the mushroom hat had precisely that magic. The sword cut the void. The next second saw an extraordinary sight: Oshima's sword clattered on the ground and at the same time its master flew in a wide arc, ending in a loud splash in the waters of the moat. All the other attendants of the Shogun closed in upon the game and went through much the same air and water experiences of Oshima. The young Shogun did not travel through the same route. At the second stroke of his sword he was disarmed, and a second later he found himself safe, though not entirely sound, but securely held under the *gero,* the low fellow of the mushroom hat. And the *gero* had something that felt very like a stranglehold on the august throat.

"*Gero,*" the young Shogun managed to say in his choking voice, "beware! You are guilty of disrespectful conduct."

"What? Disrespectful conduct! That's good—a fine farce!" laughed the *gero.* "Disrespectful conduct, eh—you low-down, murderous highwayman—cut out the comedy, you ruffian."

"*Kore,*" said the Shogun, gasping more than ever, "I am no highwayman. If you apologize and behave, I shall take you into my service and reward you—loosen the hold."

"Take me into your service—take me into the service of a low desperado—a fine promotion that! You bastard son of horse and deer!"

"No, no," said the Shogun, feebly. "It's I."

"The what?"

"It's I—I"—

"It's I, heh? Well, who's I?"

"It's I—Iemitsu," said the Shogun, and he couldn't recognize it as his own voice saying it, for it had such a lot of humility about it.

"What! *What!* Iemitsu! This big-mouthed blasphemer! You've got nerve to burn. So you dare take the august name of the Shogun—one of these bright boy desperadoes, eh? You really thought you could fool a new-born tadpole with that play, did you? All right, Shogun, I'll take you to the Bugyo Court. You will have a grand chance to play the Shogun before the honorable judges there, you unspeakable thug!"

"*Kore, kore*—speak not such insults. But let go—I shall reward you well, only let loose—I am Iemitsu, in all truth."

"You get better and better," retorted the *gero.* "I'll say this for you, you counterfeit the august Prince rather well. Your imitation of the august voice is not so bad. I've heard the august voice more than once in my life. But you haven't enough brains to play a third-rate brigand, let alone the Shogun. What did you think you could get out of killing a dried-up bean like me, anyway? You thought you were holding up a gold mine, you empty skull?"

"No, no—it's not money," said the Shogun. "I came out merely to test my sword on a living body—let go—"

"Listen, thug—and listen well," said the *gero,* in a somewhat milder tone of voice. "You counterfeit the voice of the Shogun rather cleverly; but not his august wisdom. And that's where you fall down flat on your back. How can the August Above be guilty of any such madness of the spirit as to sneak out by night like a cowardly snake and cut down his own people just to test his sword? How could he be guilty of so black and heinous a crime?"

THE Shogun was rather busily engaged in getting his breath going at the time; but these words of a mere *gero* impressed him, moved him strangely. His captor and tormentor went on: "A thug like you should not be allowed to live. But your voice is so like that of the Prince by whose august grace all of us live. And just for that, I have half a mind to let you go this time. That is, if you swear on the honor of the highwaymen and their gods to give a new turn to your black life from now on. You are a silly libel as a bandit, anyway. Your sword-trick is a joke."

That remark really hit home.

"My swordsmanship a joke! my mastery"— stammered the young Shogun, who found it difficult to forget all of a

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Roll Your Own Diploma

By CHARLES MERZ

NOTHING in the development of the American scene from the golf course to the filling station is more spectacular than the growth of the college campus. New colleges are being founded every spring. The number of undergraduates has doubled in the last eight years. The freshman cap and the junior prom and the class-day spree and the Gothic arch are all National institutions. Two million degrees have been awarded since 1917, and there must be enough class ivy now in the United States to blanket the Rocky Mountains.

One has only to go back to 1896 and Harvard's first break with Princeton to find a vastly different scene. Biochemical laboratories, peg-top trousers, ornamental oilskins, college garages, intelligence tests, and class morale were all unheard of. Columbia was a modest little place with a few stone halls and nineteen hundred students, instead of a rollicking big mill with forty million dollars' worth of real estate and thirty-three thousand students. Tuition was low, classes were small, and there wasn't a single stadium west of the Mississippi River big enough to seat the Army and the Navy. The University of Washington had just appeared on the horizon in the West and had three hundred students. Iowa was a little place about the size of Amherst now. Amherst was microscopic. College incomes for the whole country amounted to only a little more than fifteen million dollars instead of a third of a billion. Football coaches were paid less for their services than members of the Cabinet. There were ninety-six thousand college students in the United States, as compared with three-quarters of a million.

Moreover, in 1896 a campus was a campus. Colleges had not yet begun to stray across the country, offering to set themselves up in anybody's living-room through the medium of extension courses. Young Mohammed went to the mountain, and not the mountain to Mohammed. In our own times the growth of the extension course has been amazing. Classes are taught by mail, and the radio is coming into style. "If the home student has access to a good receiving set," says the University of Iowa in its latest catalogue, "he should ask to have his name placed on the mailing list to receive announcement of radio-correspondence courses from Station WSUI."

Thousands of college lectures now fill the mails and begin to fill the air. Thousands of degrees are awarded annually to long-distance students who have never sat on the sophomore fence or cut a class in freshman English. So popular is the extension course, and so swift has been its growth, that more than two hundred colleges in all parts of the country, ranging in size from little Shurtleff with its 178 students to mammoth Columbia with its 33,000, now assign topics, grade papers, and confer degrees by mail. The University of Chicago carries 7,400 correspondence students on its rolls; Missouri has 3,500; Oklahoma, 3,500; Texas, 4,500; City College of New York, 5,000; Southern California, 10,000; Wisconsin, 20,000; and other large universities like numbers. Moreover, this is a new development, and it is plain that we are only in the first stages of a program aiming ultimately at a - degree - for - everybody - and - everybody-for-a-degree, which is destined to take us far.

Think twice before you scoff at the next Ford touring car adorned from stem to stern with sixteen college pennants. By the time the degrees won by the sons of the family are added to the degrees won by the daughters, father's extension courses in soil culture and practical agronomy are added to mother's extension courses in home economics and household management, and it is remembered that cousin Bess matriculates next week at Chicago for a home-study course in plain and fancy needlework, the sixteen pennants may be bona fide.

VARIOUS reasons are given for the spectacular growth of the collegiate system and the success with which the college spirit has been inducted into millions of American homes. The wealth of the country has increased enormously in recent years, and a college education, either on the spot, by mail, or over the loudspeaker, has become a possibility for thousands of people who never expected to have an Alma Mater. Other factors are familiar. There is the tremendous advertisement given to college education in general and college life in particular by a football season which now sees ten million people paying $26,000,000 every fall to witness championship games in every section of the country. There is the widespread belief that college life is rich in its diversions and the conviction that a college degree means a passport into good society. There is the ballyhoo which many of the colleges have carried up and down the country, with moving pictures, lecture tours, and "scoreboard parties," for the confessed purpose of filling their halls with new recruits and growing bigger as well as better.

No doubt a wide variety of casual and extraneous factors has contributed to the growth of the college spirit in America, but the process has been enormously assisted by an essential change in the character of the colleges themselves. They have diversified their interests. They have reinterpreted the spirit of arts and letters. They have filled their curicula with courses running the gamut of contemporary occupations, arts, and pleasures. And if there are now more hundreds of thousands of young Americans in colleges and universities than would have seemed possible to a Late Victorian, it is for one chief reason because colleges and universities have left their erstwhile academic paths and are now offering classes as spectacular in their diversity as the kaleidoscopic background from which these young Americans are drawn.

Nothing is too remote from Greek or too thoroughly in the *tempo* of our lively modern times for the up-to-date curriculum to pass it by. A catalogue of modern courses reads like the front page of a newspaper plus the table of contents in a house-and-garden magazine. Columbia gives courses in bond salesmanship, brokerage accounts, photoplay composition ("including such technical devices as the iris, the fade, double exposure, etc."), banking, bee-keeping, the business of the theatre, foreign investments, the New York money market, practical poultry raising, elementary millinery, and the care of lawns. Syracuse gives courses in practical table service, stock market methods, store management and

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modern salesmanship, including "the goods to be sold," "securing the interview," and "presenting the selling proposition." Southern California gives courses in advanced tailoring, traffic management, and real estate advertising by such means as "billboards," "trips to property," and the development of "golf links, country clubs, and model homes."

Nor are such courses at all exceptional. Courses in advertising are now offered at more than fifty of the larger universities; Pennsylvania has a course in "lay-outs," "mediums," "campaigns," "forceful letters," and "successful selling." Courses in real estate, courses in life insurance, courses in fire insurance, courses in business correspondence, courses in interior decoration, and courses in purchasing and storing are taught along with courses in philosophy and Homer. Southern California offers a course in apartment-house management; Virginia, a course in follow-up methods; Indiana, a course in renting and leasing; and Chicago, a course in the dedication and the toast.

And all such courses, it should be noted, are not mere campus courses. They can be taught by mail. For the front line of the collegiate advance is now in thousands of scattered homes. And in the march of the universities across country the range of courses offered in extension work is, if anything, even more brilliantly diversified than the range of courses offered on the campus. Chicago spreads a choice of 396 courses before the correspondence student. Columbia offers him 745. He can apply to Nebraska for a course in radio communication and the operation of receiving sets; to City College of New York for a course in rug weaving; to California for a course in automobile upkeep and repair; to Wisconsin for a course in credits and collections; and to Cornell for a course in the administration of hotels.

Nor do all these courses stress the mere utilitarian. At Columbia the stay-at-home student can take his choice between courses as practical as sales-letter writing and as erudite as Goethe's "Faust." At Kansas he can run the gamut from courses as near home as building up mail-order business to courses as far away as elementary celestial mechanics, extent of the universe and its duration. Chicago offers him everything from purchase and storage of coal to general morphology of the bryophytes and pteridophytes.

So far has the process of diversification gone and so brilliantly varied is the curriculum now presented to the student who elects to pursue knowledge on his own front porch that nothing in the whole range of average human interest seems too remote to constitute a subject of instruction. In self-defense, and to save useless correspondence, a foot-note in the newest catalogue of Ohio State gives warning to the public that "This University does not have a course in bookkeeping, telegraphy, oratory, or embalming."

WHAT we have here is a range of collegiate endeavor which would have astounded the early academicians, but the stampede for higher and higher education in America does not stop with this. Nor is the full story of our modern progress told in three decades of achievement which have put colleges in every corner of the country, given the Nation half a billion dollars' worth of collegiate real estate, filled college classrooms with more than three-quarters of a million students, turned out single classes at single universities as large as whole regiments of the National Guard, made automobile upkeep, apartment-house management, practical table service, bond salesmanship, and bee-keeping subjects of academic instruction and instituted the practice of teaching the morphology of bryophytes by mail. For all this is only part of the modern education of America; and on the heels of the colleges, adding new millions to the rolls of those who are studying for new degrees, comes the enterprising army of the correspondence schools.

It is a new scene, and doubtless these more informal colleges which are all office and no campus face a keener competition than they did in the days before Columbia, Syracuse, Indiana, Kansas, Southern California, and two hundred other universities borrowed some of their ideas. Doubtless they are short on Gothic architecture and would enjoy more prestige if they had football teams. No matter. The correspondence school has its own place in American life, and, like its older rivals, it has grown prodigiously in the rush for education which has swept this country.

Are you a book agent, and would you like to be a managing director? Are you a stenographer, and would you like to be a movie queen? Do you sell shirts, and would you like to be a dominating personality?

There is a coupon waiting to be clipped; wonders can be worked with will power, and through the advertising pages of the magazines the prophets of successful living call for volunteers.

Learn to be a musician. "The world lies at the feet of the person who can play a musical instrument," says the Ferry School of Music, and offers an easy way of mastering the banjo, ukelele, and guitar.

Learn to be a constructive thinker. Nicholson's Mental and Physical Training School offers courses in "Vividness," "Sound Judgment," and "Stupendous Thinking."

Learn to be a detective. "Never in history have trained detectives been so needed as they are right now," says the American Detective Training School, and offers courses in "trapping," "tracing," "shadowing," "guarding," "various kinds of guarding," "how to guard and what to guard against."

Learn to act for the moving pictures. "Twenty million movie patrons are calling for new faces," says the Film Information Bureau. "Can you feel these mighty millions calling *you?*"

Learn to be a finger-print expert. Finger-printing has the advantage of growing better with hard times. "When ordinary jobs are scarce," says the University of Applied Science, "more and more finger-print experts are needed to keep pace with the inevitable crime wave."

Learn to be a Tiger Man. "It is the Tiger Men who win the Battles of Life today," says the Atlas School of Muscular Science. "They win the battles of Love, of Lucre, of Luxury. They get the things they want! They TAKE them!"

And why not? Anything is possible with enough courage and persistence. Anything can be done by the man determined not to fail. The light burns late on the parlor table, and all over the country young Americans are deep in the study of finger-printing, shadowing, moving-picture technique, sound judgment, and stupendous thinking. All over the country stuffy bedrooms echo with imaginary applause as new students of the art of forceful speaking pause after a sudden effort, florid and triumphant. All over the country overcoats propped up in chairs represent stony and hard-hearted bosses who are being talked to—now, for the first time, as they deserve being talked to—by erstwhile badgered clerks from whom words flow in an unbroken stream of eloquence, with appropriate gestures.

To the hundreds of thousands of

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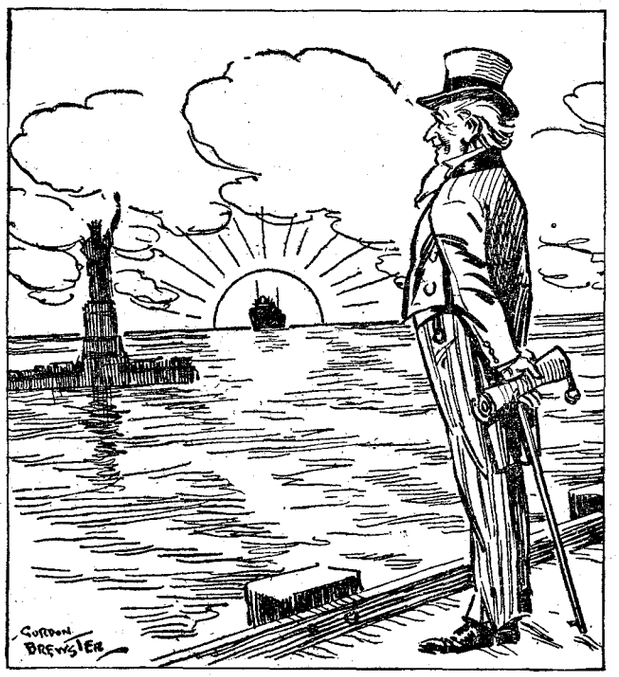
From European Papers

From the Irish Weekly Independent (Dublin)



The waiting welcome

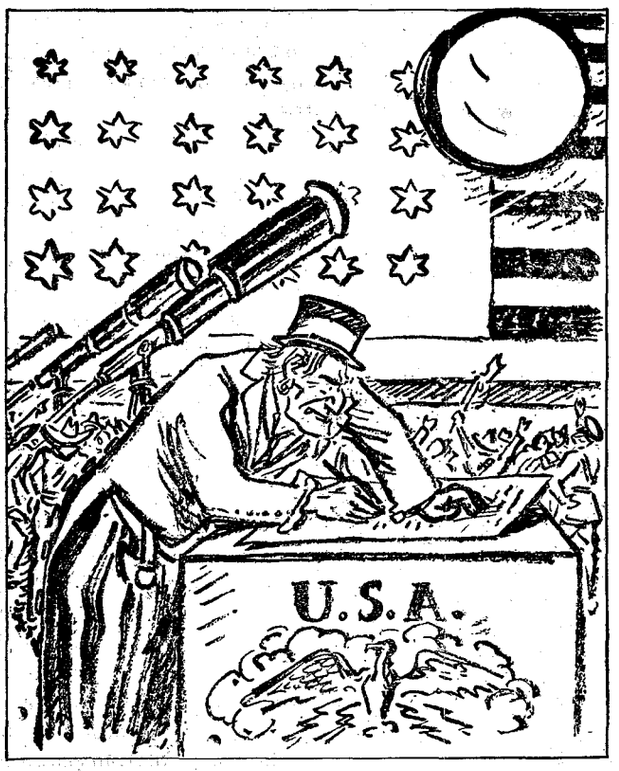
" President Cosgrave will make a great and broad-minded appeal in America for the real establishment of the greater Ireland beyond the sea "

From the Daily Chronicle (London)

Industrial skiing

British Industry : " Yes, I was advised not to get my interests crossed !"

From Le Rire (Paris)



(The signing of a pact of non-aggression between France and the United States is being considered)

Latest : " Peace is on the way. The United States has just signed a pact of non-aggression with the moon "

From Le Rire (Paris)

The kings' day out

They are allowed to go out once a year for a celebration

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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

February 8, 1928

New England United

THE Rumford Press of Concord, New Hampshire, is, to quote its President, concerned with "building up New England and not pulling it down." Thus when the "Bookman" turned in copy for Upton Sinclair's serial "Boston" a grave matter of policy faced the officials of the printery. Sinclair, they well knew, was a radical if not a Communist. A previous novel, "Oil," had been proscribed in Boston, and thereby insured sales it would otherwise have lacked. The latest Sinclair effort was said to be a study of the Sacco-Vanzetti case and of those New England characteristics which had made it possible.

Fortunately, there was no contract between the publishers of the "Bookman" and the Rumford Press to befog the issue. The magazine had been taken on a month-to-month basis. Should it continue to handle it when an attack by Sinclair was to be a feature of each issue for months to come? Or was a magnificent gesture in order? The New England conscience was true to its reputation, and the Rumford Press cast the offending periodical into utter darkness. An attack on Boston, obviously, was an attack on New England. Even in the innocent rôle of printer the Rumford Press did not propose to be a party to such wickedness.

Another printer was immediately obtained, of course, and the installments of the Sinclair novel will continue to pour from the presses. In due time, no doubt, "Boston" will appear in book form and will, if fortune once more smiles on Mr. Sinclair, again be barred from what was once the literary capital of America. The first few chapters of "Boston" are already available to the public, and it is a little difficult to see why New England is so nervous. True, it will contain much about Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, and Massachusetts is naturally anxious to forget this case. On the whole, though, the story seems harmless enough.

Perhaps the true dynamite is contained in later chapters, as yet seen only by the proprietors of the Rumford Press and the editors of the "Bookman."

Priest and Patriotism

IF the Pope of Rome should ever get together a great navy and army to invade the United States, the country would not need to worry. It might not even have to call upon Senator Heflin to take command of its Navy. Roman Catholics—especially those who have inherited the fighting Irish blood—would be ready for the fight. Of this we are assured by no less an authority on the Catholic Church and the fighting Irishmen than Father Duffy. The other day at a luncheon this popular priest, who was chaplain—"Fighting Chaplain" he was called—of the Sixty-ninth Regiment in the World War, declared: "If the Pope were a civil ruler and there were a conflict, I would go to war against the Pope. The Sixty-ninth Regiment would ask to be sent over first." Note that he said "sent over." Apparently he would not wait for the Pope to come.

This, of course, was only part of a discussion about the relation of Church to State. Dr. J. Howard Melish, rector of an Episcopal church in Brooklyn, expressed the wish that certain priests would not refer to the American public school as Godless. Dr. Duffy thanked him for his criticism and said there were fools in all religious bodies, but that he thought the Catholic pulpit had fewer than some others. Dr. Melish asked that freedom be allowed to Catholics to educate their children in their own way, but insisted that the taxes of the people should not be used for sectarian education. And Father Duffy declared that priests should keep out of politics.

Both Dr. Duffy and Dr. Melish agreed that in the coming campaign, if the religious question comes up, the American people will need to preserve their sense of humor.

Herbert Hoover's Candidacy Taking Shape

THERE are two recent developments in the candidacy of Secretary Hoover. One is the organization of a committee of professional politicians with headquarters in New York to take it in charge. The other is the evident willingness of New York County chairmen supporting Hoover to work with the pro-Coolidge organization, provided Hoover be considered as the heir apparent.

Four-Day Liners

ANNOUNCEMENT that Commodore Herbert Hartley, until last week the commander of the Leviathan, had associated himself with the project gives added authenticity to the plans for airplane-equipped ocean liners speedy enough to make a crossing in four days. Hitherto these vessels had been considered the dream of visionaries. Work on the scheme, however, seems to have progressed far enough to win the enthusiastic approval of Commodore Hartley.

The Transoceanic Corporation of the United States has been formed to build and operate six of the new liners and application has been made to the Shipping Board for a loan of $94,500,000 from the Shipping Board. The vessels will be capable of thirty-three knots and will be built with funnels and masts placed to one side, so that airplanes can take off and land on the decks. This is the arrangement on modern naval airplane carriers.

The chief obstacle to the project lies in the request that the Government funds shall bear only 3¼ per cent interest. The sponsors promise that $50,000,000 in private capital will be sought, but for this they will have to pay twice as much. Congressional action on the low interest rate will be necessary, and it is certain to revive the old fight against ship subsidies. The new ships would, of course, be extremely valuable as naval auxiliaries; and this factor will, no doubt, be emphasized.

Commodore Hartley, who had expected to enter the cotton business, and who said that he would never again go to sea, is to have charge of building and operating the four-day liners and believes that they will restore the American merchant marine to its prestige of clipper days. Speed is now the first essential of all forms of transportation, and it is held that four-day service would draw the cream of the export and import trade.

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"The dream of my life has come true at last," said Commodore Hartley. "This means a declaration of our maritime independence. It is the beginning of our return to first importance on the seas."

Ownership or Subsidy?

THE Administration forces have lost in all of the preliminary skirmishes of the merchant marine fight.

The House of Representatives, with larger desertions from Administration ranks than can be accounted for by measuring the insurgent strength, passed an appropriation of thirteen and a half million dollars for the reconditioning of Shipping Board vessels. The Senate, by something more than a two-to-one vote, approved the provision of the Jones Bill requiring unanimous consent of the Shipping Board for the sale of any vessel.

Administration leaders declared that the adoption of such a policy means permanent Government operation of the merchant marine, and advocates of the policy did not trouble to make denial. In fact, Senator Jones said that the merchant marine must be operated by the Government or else there will soon be no commerce for the big Navy to protect. He said that he would favor an out-and-out subsidy for private owners, but that there is no chance of getting it.

The Jones Bill, which is now in favorable position for enactment into law, would authorize a replacement program extending over a period of fifteen years at a cost of about $250,000,000. The original cost of Government-owned vessels—mainly at war-time construction prices—was about $3,000,000,000.

In the matter of the merchant marine Congress seems to have the bit in its teeth.

Congress and Administration at Odds

THESE upsets to Administration plans followed closely upon the refusal of the Senate to accept the President's recommendation that an executive commission investigate the S–4 submarine disaster. With twenty votes to spare, the opponents of the President's recommendation passed a resolution providing for a joint Congressional commission to conduct the investigation. This commission, it was explained, would merely investigate the disaster and would not interfere with any investigation of possible safety devices by an executive board or commission.

There are many indications of other disagreements between the two ends of the avenue. The President's Mississippi flood control plan has been severely attacked in the Committee hearings and its adoption can come, if at all, only after bitter opposition in both houses. The tax plan, also, has a hard road before it. The bill as passed by the House provides for reductions far beyond what the Administration thinks safe. It is to be held in the Senate Committee until after March 15. This decision was reached in the hope that some of the objectionable features could then be removed. But a situation has now developed which makes it practically certain that when the bill emerges a tariff reduction amendment will be tacked on to it. That will probably mean that no tax legislation can be enacted at this session —which is what the insurgent Republicans want.

Only with regard to farm relief do the President's views appear to have made headway. There are some indications that the equalization fee will be replaced by a provision for export debentures which may result in a bill that the President can sign.

On the whole, however, the outlook is for a heavy crop of vetoes.

Where Men Are Sentimentalists

THE Southwest is well crowded with excellent old-timers who insist that ex-Secretary Fall's explanation of having borrowed $100,000 from his old friend Doheny and sold a part of his ranch to Harry Sinclair for some $230,000 is a sufficient defense against all the charges made in the oil scandals. Whom a man sells his property to and gets his loans from is, they insist, his own business. He forfeits none of his private rights to take care of his interests indiscreetly by becoming Secretary of the Interior.

It is noticeable, however, that these opinions are held almost exclusively by Southwesterners who frankly admit that either personally or politically they are Fall's friends. They are also men who on numerous recorded occasions have stood by other friends and insisted on their upright intentions when the latter have been placed in the penitentiaries for offending against the peace and dignity of the States and Territories west of the Pecos, or even when severer penalties have been exacted at the end of a rope. On the other hand, they are often the same men who have insisted on the guilt and criminality of personal enemies even though their innocence may have been established in open court.

All this is in the West's Homeric tradition, and there is much to admire in it. But even when the attitude is competently dramatized, as in the Fall-Doheny trial of last winter, it is likely to leave the Nation's and the Southwestern younger generation's conscience a trifle cold. It is no doubt virtuous and manly to stick by one's friends, no matter what vices and indiscretions they cultivate, but it is hardly so virtuous or necessary to salve one's self-esteem as a friend-chooser by insisting that their conduct has always been perfect, especially in moral crises. Not that the younger Southwesterners have a prejudice against men who are loyal to their friends even in politics. But representative Western public opinion would hardly hold today that friendship can only be displayed by accepting highly profitable loans and purchase funds from those to whom one gives profitable official favors, and by condoning such acts as the proper evidence of private affections, when they occur.

Whatever the measure of legal guilt in the Fall oil leases, the sentimentalities of intense personal attachment which made corruption and favoritism peculiarly possible in old Western politics and won them hordes of devoted defenders are now passing.

Complications in the Vare Case

REVERSING its previous decision to dismiss the contest of William B. Wilson for the seat for which William S. Vare holds credentials, the Senate Committee on Elections has ordered a recount of the ballots in four counties in which Mr. Wilson charges fraud. Mr. Vare has said that, if there is to be a recount, he wishes it to extend to other counties than those named by Mr. Wilson, and a recount covering the entire State is not improbable.

This action by the Committee on Elections will probably have the effect of delaying Senate action on the report of the Reed special committee which investigated the charges of excessive expenditures on Vare's behalf. If the Senate should take the same action in Vare's case that it took in the case of Smith, of Illinois, it could not well declare the seat vacant with the Wilson contest pending. The contest, therefore, is due to be disposed of before a decision is reached in

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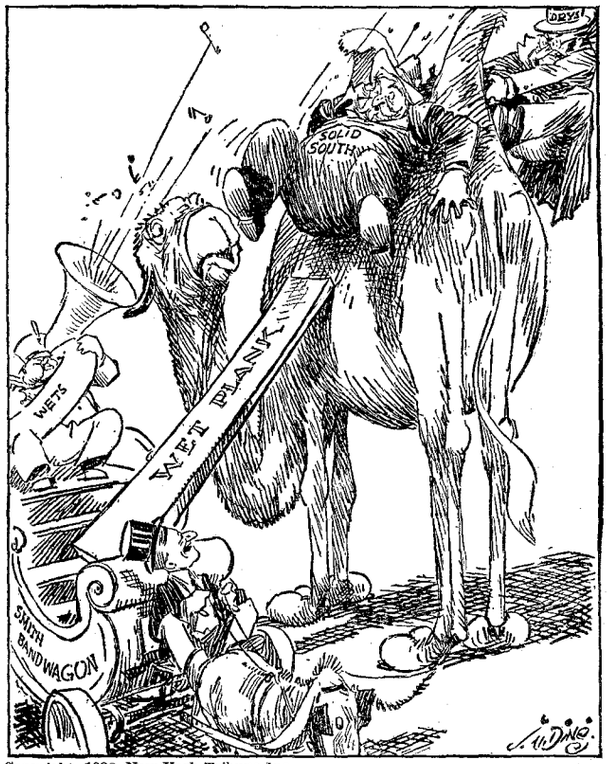
Cartoons of the Week

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune



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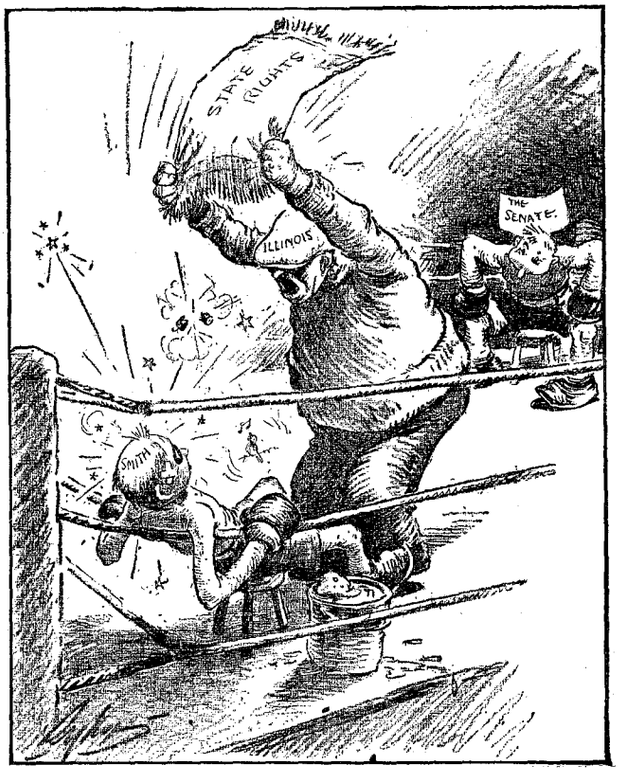
Slipping

From Jacob Dress, Providence, R. I.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger



"Aw, don't let him bluff you!"

From C. L. Snyder, Coatesville, Pa.

Darling in the New York Herald Tribune

SEE? THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF!
MONROE DOCTRINE
U. S. A.
LATIN AMERICA
I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT ALL THOSE STRANGE NOISES ARE THAT I KEEP HEARING, THEN!
L. M. Ding.

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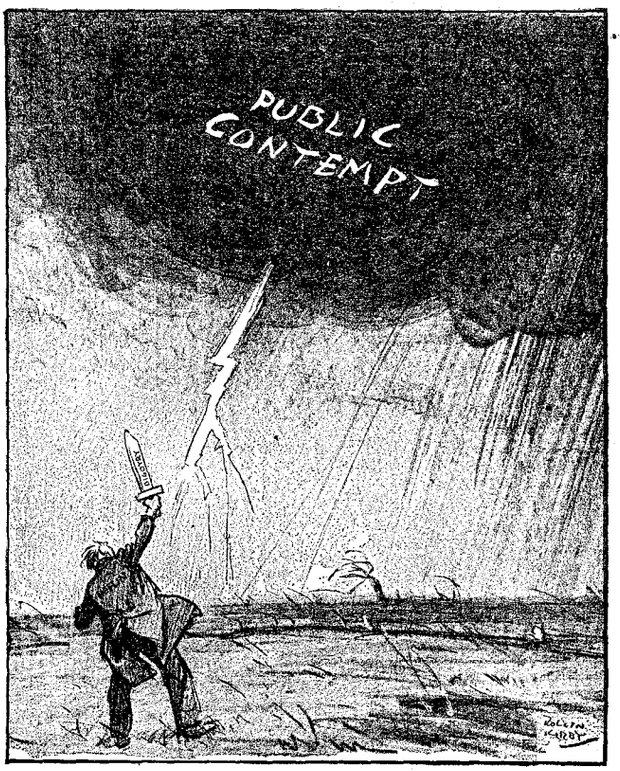
Dispelling that U. S. imperialism bugaboo

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Kirby in the New York World



The Alabama Ajax defies the lightning

From Rebecca E. Gilpin, New York, N. Y.

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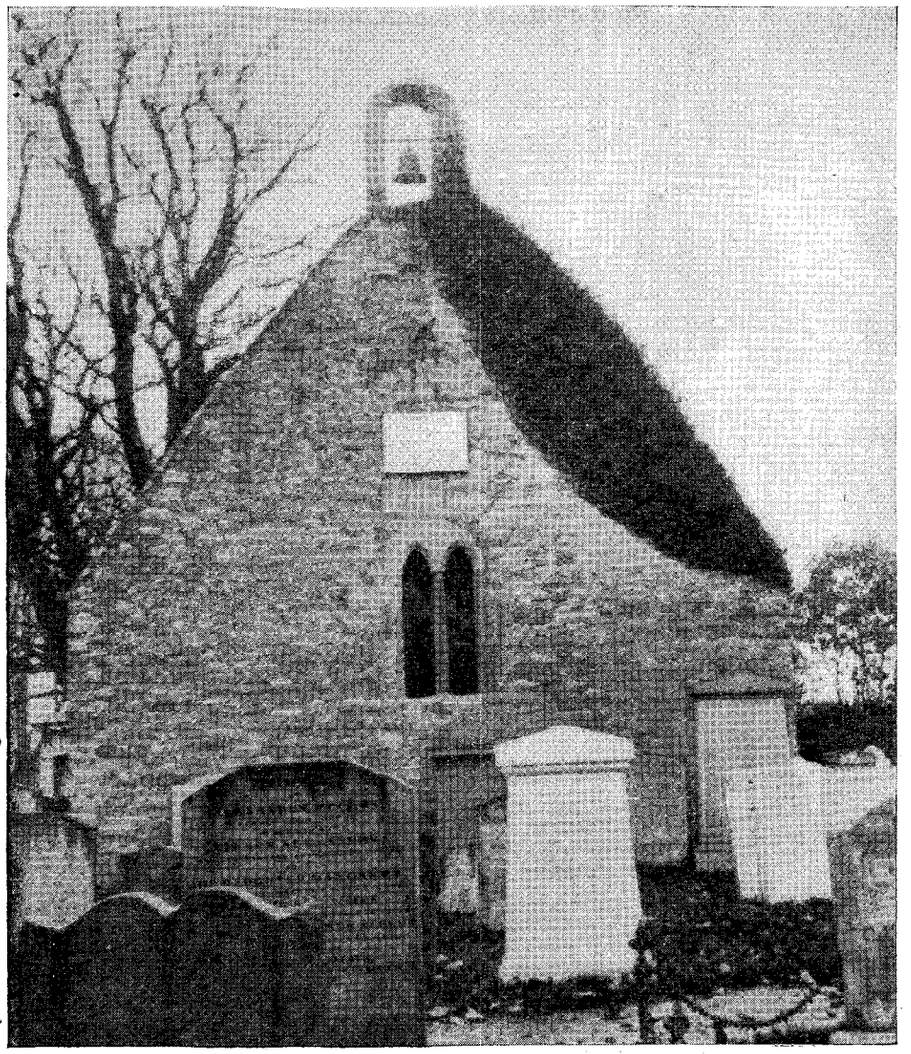

Acme

THE "AULD HAUNTED KIRK"

At Alloway, in Scotland, scene of Burns's poem "Tam O' Shanter," which is to be perpetuated as a memorial to the great Scotch poet

the other case. And this may complicate matters seriously for Mr. Vare.

There has been a fairly well authenticated report that he intended to resign and immediately seek re-election. So far as the case before the "Slush Fund Committee" is concerned, there is nothing in the way of his taking that course. But it is quite otherwise with regard to the case before the Committee on Elections. He cannot resign from an office which his political opponent is claiming. And by the time the recount can be made and the contest decided it will doubtless be too late for Mr. Vare to qualify as a candidate in the primaries.

Because, therefore, Mr. Vare's seat is contested, the Smith and Vare cases are not on all fours.

Earl Haig

ANOTHER great figure of the World War has gone. In London, on January 30, death came suddenly to Earl Haig.

Though a Scotsman, the British Field Marshal had qualities which are often thought of as distinctively English. The measure of his greatness as a military commander will be a matter for discussion that may be endless; but the appropriateness of such a man as he at the head of the British army is obvious. He was not in the least Napoleonic. He never posed. He did not overflow with ideas. He was not supreme as a strategist. Sometimes he seemed to lack imagination. But he was capable, brave, determined, and dogged. He was an aristocrat, and had the British aristocrat's sense of obligation to his country and to his job. If he lacked brilliance and personal magnetism, he had what perhaps served the Allied cause better than either of those qualities would have served it—the capacity to weld the army into a great weapon and then to use it in co-operation with others.

He has been severely criticised for his failure as an offensive general. He allowed, for example, the tanks to be used under circumstances that made it impossible for them to be most effective. His very doggedness made him wasteful in attack. But when the time came for the British to fight with their backs to the wall it was providential that there was a man like Sir Douglas Haig at their head.

Haig will be remembered, not as a military genius, but rather as an embodiment of the spirit of Britain in conflict.

Flivvers of the Air

Two recent flights have brought the air flivver to attention. In both cases the "toy planes" breasted gales, and, although they did not complete their projected trips, they showed that they were air-worthy and will have their own place in flying quickly and safely on errands of the air.

Clarence Chamberlin had the seeming audacity to take off from a Garden City highway, remarking: "I only want to use it ten or fifteen seconds, and if I see a car coming I won't start until it has passed." His plane had a spread of only 22 feet and weighed but 850 pounds. It was built several years ago as an experiment, and now, refitted with a capable engine, seems just the thing to use for a week-end visit or a lecture engagement.

More ambitious was the attempt of Harry Brooks to make a non-stop flight from Detroit to Miami in a Ford plane of the so-called flivver type. He battled head winds all the way to Asheville. Ice formed on the plane as he crossed the Appalachians. That Brooks got as far as Asheville was in itself a triumph.

It is said that amateur flivver-flying clubs are popular in England, and even have many women members. The flivver is likely to be not only a useful conveyance, but also the joy-riding little brother of the sky.

The Author of "The Four Horsemen"

UNTIL the appearance of his war novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Vicente Blasco Ibañez, who died at Mentone on January 28, had been more noted as an agitator for political liberty than as a novelist. Over thirty years ago, and when he was not yet thirty years old, he was expelled from Spain for preaching the doctrine of a free Cuba. It is said that his very latest literary project was to write a story of peace, "The Fifth Horseman of the Apocalypse."

In the long list of his romances and plays (he was the most prolific of mod-

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ern Spanish writers) the best known to Americans are precisely those which have the most action and most anguishing situations, and therefore those which have naturally obtained an even greater popular success as moving pictures than as novels, "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum;" while the least desirable of those best known are "Women Triumphant" and "Enemies of Women," of the first of which an Outlook reviewer said that it did with meticulous art what would better not have been done at all—it was a prolonged analysis of the perverted ideas of sex.

Ibañez (or more exactly, Blasco, for that really corresponds with the "family name") wrote too much, and too much of what he wrote was unpleasant and contemptuous of that which is finest in human nature, but at his best he was a true story creator. His fiery political propaganda was the real urge of his life. Not long before his death he said: "Dead or alive, I will never return to Spain as long as the present régime subsists."

Ibañez has been compared to Zola, and certainly he had more points of resemblance with the Frenchman than he had with Spanish writers like Valdés and Galdós, who were both contemporaries of his youth and whose place in Spanish literature is far more secure than that of Ibañez.

Germany's Star Athlete to Run Here

Not since the invasion of this country by the barrel-chested, imperturbable Finnish runner, Paavo Nurmi, have track circles been so thoroughly aroused as this winter over the conditional permission granted to Dr. Otto Peltzer, the great German middle-distance star, to run here. By the time these lines have been published Dr. Peltzer may have run the first of three races.

When he sailed for this country, the German officials, remembering the professional arguments roused by other foreign track and field stars on visits here, forbade their Olympic ace to take part in any races in the United States. Then suddenly they had a change of heart. Immediately on receipt of word from abroad, the American officials went into an executive huddle and debated for some time whether they would permit the German to run. Finally there came the permission for three races, provided one was the National championship.

The American officials have been severely criticised for their action, but there is something left to be said on their side. This is an Olympic year, and injury to the greatest of German athletes or a cloud of suspicion of any sort would be a blot on the summer games in Holland.

A protracted "barnstorming" tour such as those engaged in by Hoff, the Norwegian pole vaulter, and Nurmi would have helped neither the visitor nor the sport. However, the insistence on his entering the National seems a little high-handed. It is difficult to see why this move was made, unless it was done with an eye on the money his name would attract at the box-office.

Wide World

AMONG THE NATION'S HONORED DEAD

The grave of Thomas Hardy in Westminster Abbey

The Charges Against Mrs Knapp

Mrs. Florence E. S. Knapp, the last person to be elected Secretary of State of New York, has been under charges, not only of incompetence, but of wrongdoing in office. After an investigation of her record, Randall J. Le Boeuf, Jr., Commissioner appointed by Governor Smith, has recommended prosecution.

Among the charges, based on testimony, are these: That Mrs. Knapp removed important records and apparently had them burned; that she made appointments which were not authorized by law; that she indorsed payments to people who did no work for the State. These charges have to do with the conduct of the State Census.

It is to be remembered that charges are not proof. Mrs. Knapp was offered an opportunity to testify before the Commissioner on her own behalf, but she declined for reasons which seemed to her good. The Commissioner declares that she declined to appear voluntarily "unless special favors were granted to her." Mrs. Knapp said that she declined because her interests were not sufficiently safeguarded. Her side of the case has yet to be formally presented.

On the face of the report based on testimony that has not been refuted it seems evident that there was either malfeasance or gross carelessness. Mrs. Knapp declares that the papers that were burned were from her own personal files; but apparently an important card index has disappeared. Relatives of Mrs. Knapp were appointed and paid for work which apparently had nothing whatever to do with the Census. In one case, it is charged, cost of personal publicity for Mrs. Knapp and her family, which the Commissioner thinks could not have been for the purpose of persuading people to co-operate with the

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enumerators, for their work had been finished, was put down as a Census expense. The accusations include larceny and forgery.

There have not been many women in high public office in this country. To those who expected that woman's suffrage would help to cleanse American politics the record of Ma Ferguson in Texas and the charges against Mrs. Knapp in New York are discouraging.

Astronomical Independence

AMERICAN astronomers and makers of great telescopes have just made a new declaration of independence.

No longer need America go to Europe for the essential parts of the silvered concave mirrors — super-eyes — that gather together the faintest rays from distant space, which by their cumulative effect enable images of stars to be recorded photographically on sensitive plates so that man may know how infinitesimally small he and his own world are. The United States Bureau of Standards at Washington has just completed a 3,500-pound disk of finest optical glass from which to grind and polish a mirror six feet in diameter for Ohio Wesleyan University. This is the first big job of this kind America has ever completed. The disk required a period of nine months to cool down to ordinary temperature—in fact, it was not permitted to cool any faster; otherwise, stresses due to rapid cooling would either cause it to crack or leave it with unrelieved internal strains, which would be fatal to its optical use in a telescope.

Few realize what refinements are involved in creating such a mirror disk as this one for a telescope of great size. In order that it may gather and bring to a focal plane the rays of light from distant universes, the glass must be properly concaved and coated on its face with silver. If it is not to suffer from optical defects, the surface of the glass must not anywhere deviate more than one-half a millionth of an inch from the geometrical figure called for. There are not half a dozen men in this country who can create on so large a surface of glass so highly refined a curve.

Heretofore America has obtained its great disks of optical glass chiefly from France. Two larger mirrors than the one just successfully cast exist in our hemisphere, a 72-inch disk at the Dominion Astrophysical Observatory of the Canadian Government, at Vancouver, and the one at Mount Wilson Observatory in California. Both came from Europe, though the curves were ground and shaped by American experts.

America's coming of age in the matter of optical glass is an unexpected by-product of the World War. Germany, with France and England, formerly controlled almost the entire industry. When America entered the war, committees of scientists gathered samples of foreign lenses, studied them scientifically, ferreted out the necessary ingredients for reproducing the glass, and as a result we can now stand on our own optical feet.

Incidentally, a National inferiority complex has been broken up—as the Bureau of Standards has just proved, we can take care of ourselves nicely.

All Quiet in Havana

IF the Pan-American Conference is making no great stir in the news, it is not because it is merely marking time, but because Charles E. Hughes, head of the United States delegation, has done much to allay Latin-American fears of the Colossus of the North.

Mexico, for example, proposed some radical changes in the composition of the Pan-American Union. At present that Union is controlled by Ambassadors and Ministers of Latin America in Washington. What Mexico wanted, among other things, was a change so that the representatives of the various countries in the Union would consist of special envoys. One reason for Mexico's desire for a change was its belief that Ministers and Ambassadors were in too close association with the Secretary of State of the United States. There were objections to the proposal; but it is obvious that if the United States objected it would seem as if it were trying to maintain a position of dominance. Mr. Hughes neither wholly opposed nor wholly supported this change. Instead, he said that nothing would be more appreciated by the United States than action providing complete freedom for the Latin-American republics in appointing their representatives. Such freedom enables each nation to be represented by its regular diplomatic envoy or not as it pleases.

Similarly the question of intervention has been discussed freely and amicably. It seems now that the Latin-American countries themselves—or at least many of them—will hesitate to take the position that it is actually a canon of international law that no nation shall ever intervene in the affairs of another nation.

It is clear that the refusal of Mr. Hughes even to appear to impose a United States policy upon the Conference is having a good effect.

A. P. Giannini's Gift

BY his gift of $1,500,000 to the University of California A. P. Giannini, founder of that behemoth of the West, the Bank of Italy, is carrying out his determination, formed some time ago, that he is never going to be a wealthy man, and that when his riches increase he will give them away. "If I had all the millions in the world," he said shortly after his gift was announced, "I could not live any better than I do. I enjoy work. What is called society means nothing to me. I have always said I never would be a millionaire. Maybe this will convince some of the skeptics that I mean what I say."

The $1,500,000 handed over to the University of California represents Mr. Giannini's share of the profits of the Bancitaly Corporation for the year 1927 and is really his salary for that period. Five hundred thousand dollars of the amount will be used to erect a new building on the Berkeley Campus, while the remaining $1,000,000 will be devoted to establishing a foundation dedicated to the work of investigating and formulating "ways and means of relieving and improving the economic condition of the farmers, dairy and live-stock men, and fruit growers of California."

Unsolved questions of agriculture that have occupied Giannini's attention during his entire career as farm boy, commission merchant, and banker closely allied to agricultural developments will be studied by the experts who are to carry on the work of the foundation.

Labor and Politics

PERHAPS the most significant action at the recent meeting of the Executive Council of the American Federation of Labor was its "No more, thank you!" attitude to the idea of a political labor party. Four years ago the Federation made partial commitments to a third party movement. "We learned our lesson in 1924," said one of the members the other day. No voice was raised for a similar policy in 1928. As always, American workmen will in the vast majority support whichever party they are most in sympathy with.

What does labor ask for in the 1928 election?

Their leader, William Green, named a

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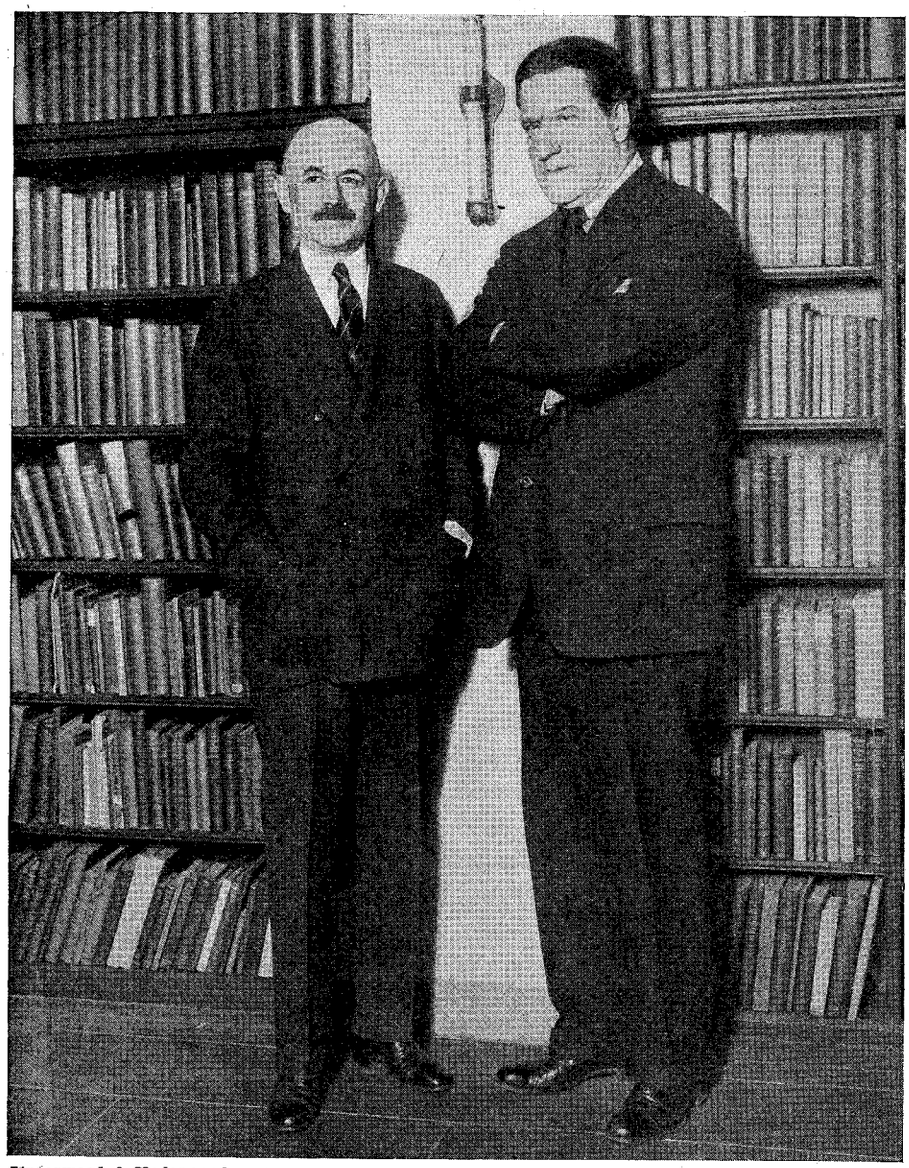

Underwood & Underwood

FOR AND AGAINST COMPANIONATE MARRIAGE

Judge Ben Lindsey and Rabbi Stephen Wise, who debated this subject in New York on January 28

list of things ranging from 2.75 beer to revision of the Sherman and Clayton Laws so as to define conspiracy. Among the other demands are a child-labor Amendment to the Constitution, the coal investigation—favored by Senator Hiram Johnson—into the treatment of miners, the limiting of the injunction in labor disputes, and new and stricter immigration laws.

Leaving the National field, the Federation saw fit to authorize its President to write a letter to Charles E. Hughes, head of the United States delegation to the Pan-American Conference, urging "the development of a perfect understanding that the Government of the United States will not, at any time, interfere in the affairs of any Latin-American country, and will not, either directly or indirectly, encroach upon their sovereign or territorial rights."

Just what the Federation would recommend as the right course when anarchy exists in a small country to the south and American and other foreign lives and property are attacked it does not say.

A Drama Without an Epilogue

SCENE: *New York.*

Place: A news-stand selling foreign journals.

Dramatis personæ: Purchaser with an inquiring mind; the owner of the news-stand.

P. W. I. M. What do you do with your old foreign journals? Can you return them and get an allowance?

O. O. N.-S. No, indeed; we don't try to return them. There's a fine market for old foreign magazines right here in New York.

P. W. I. M. How come?

O. O. N.-S. Why, you see, I sell them to bootleggers. They use them to wrap their imported liquor in.

Curtain

Two Views of Modern Liberties

ON arriving in this country, Dora Russell, author and lecturer, wife of the English philosopher, Bertrand Russell, has attacked asceticism. "The early Christian ascetics were all afraid of matter, of their instincts, of letting pleasure into their lives. . . . The idea that the glory of the soul might be apparent through the vigor and splendor of the body was a sin. Corsets and crinolines are the logical outcome of religious civilization. . . . The life of Europe up till now has been treading the path of corset civilization. . . . Thank Heaven, the world is coming to its senses! . . . Inhibitions are being thrown off, and it is being more and more realized that asceticism has no place in this modern civilization."

At the same time Representative Tillman, of Arkansas, taking as his text a book alleging to reveal the private life of a former President, denounced the circulation of printed matter which he regarded as corrupting the youth of the age—"suggestive and foul publications."

"I am no pessimist," Mr. Tillman said. "I do not believe the race is hell bound. I doubt if we are growing much worse. We may be growing better. But I have in mind young people, and wish to help them. Recently I talked with a progressive dean of women in one of the coeducational colleges. She complained of the deportment of college men and women on the campus, at social gatherings, at fraternity houses. She said: 'When I began my deanship I observed but little of the petting one sees now. Then the girls did not smoke cigarettes, did not smear scarlet paint over their faces, and when walking with a boy would not allow him the liberties he now takes.' I think that is true. There is less knightly respect, less polite consideration, less gracious courtesy, once everywhere in evidence at our higher institutions of learning."

So differently can two people view the same age—one sees liberty's restraints as the chief evil to avoid; the other, liberty's excesses.

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Strife in the Senate

Editorial Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

THE presiding officer of the Senate, though he is General Dawes, can place expletive emphasis only with the gavel. And the best wooden hammer in the world hardly gets the proper pronunciation of "Helen Maria."

So it happened the other day that the Vice-President hammered impotently, the quavering of excited Senatorial voices rising above his lustiest licks.

It was the stormiest scene that the Senate of the United States has recently known, not excepting even the clash of the week before between Heflin and Robinson.

The Senate Chamber reverberated, as it had hardly done before for almost seventy years, to what sounded like clashing between the South and—not another section, rather another sentiment.

The question, in so far as a question existed, was this:

Must the South consent to the nullification of the Eighteenth Amendment in order that it may escape having its representation reduced on the ground that it is nullifying the Fifteenth Amendment?

Four Senators engaged in the debate. What they said, in brief, was:

Swanson, of Virginia, grimly: The Southern States have not violated the Fifteenth Amendment, or the Fourteenth, and they will not be driven to do things which they think they ought not to do by threats of reduced representation.

Bruce, of Maryland, combatively: The South has circumvented the Constitution with regard to Negro voters, and it ought to sanction the same escape from the tyrannical oppression of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Glass, of Virginia, keenly: Any Senator is at liberty to take as many drinks as he wants if he can get them in compliance with the Constitution, but no Senator ought to want to restrain a State from enforcing that instrument.

Borah, of Idaho, profoundly: A close inspection of the voting laws of the Southern States shows no violation of the Constitution.

The Supreme Court of the United States had previously said at various times that the election laws of the Southern States conform with all the provisions of the Constitution. Now that the decisions of that august tribunal have been confirmed by Senator Borah, the argument—and the threats—ought to stop.

Practically all of the Southern States have election laws which keep a great many Negroes from voting. But they do exactly the same thing for a great many white men. They do not deny the ballot to any class of citizens. They impose educational and civic tests which any citizen, if he really wants to vote, can prepare himself to meet. They do not differ in any vital respect from qualifications required by the election laws of many States not Southern. The imposition of such tests has never been regarded in law as a denial of suffrage to anybody.

None the less, it has been a common practice for a long time to threaten the South with punishment by reduction of representation in Congress—not, usually, that the threatener seems to care if the Southern States do violate the Constitution if they will only do something else which he wants them to do. This threat was resorted to in the recent arguments concerning the right of Smith, of Illinois, and Vare, of Pennsylvania, to seats. It has been of late most frequently resorted to in connection with the Eighteenth Amendment. The attitude of the threateners, as Senator Swanson pointed out, seems always to be that the South may go serenely along violating its own pet hateful Amendment if it will only assist in or even consent to the violation of other persons' pet hateful Amendment.

The attitude which Senator Swanson took, and which most Southerners would take, was that, if anybody thinks the Southern States are violating their own valid election laws, they ought to do something more than threaten. There are ample statutes with ample penalties under which to proceed.

But there probably is no disposition anywhere actually to do anything with regard to reducing representation. However, a gentleman—a New Englander—suggested to me the other day that an effort to reduce the representation of the South is seriously contemplated. Certain persons, he said, are disturbed by the growing importance of the South in industry, shipping, and other lines, and are not above trying to curb it by reducing the political and Congressional importance of the South.

I hope he is wrong. I believe he is wrong. If he should be right, the Swanson-Bruce debate becomes more important than mere political threatening and defiance.

It may not have seemed particularly important to those who read about it in the newspapers. Neither may the Heflin-Robinson debate of the previous week have seemed important, but merely amusing.

But there are times when between low comedy and high tragedy there runs a line so thin as to bear the mathematical definition.

The incidents which came at the end of that era of good feeling which was the Monroe Administration did not seem important. Yet they were never to stop reverberating until forty years had elapsed and they had carried the country into civil war.

The time to stop fires in forests and breaks in levees is when they are small. But, being neither a forester nor an engineer, I do not know how to do it.

Personally, I can find it in my heart to wish that Vice-President Dawes could enforce "Helen Maria" upon certain Senators with the living voice as well as with the gavel.

I SAT facing President Cosgrave, of the Irish Free State, at a luncheon given by the Overseas Writers at the National Press Club. He is not more the Irishman by his record as a rebel and by his sandy hair than by other tokens.

That he has kissed the Blarney Stone and is adept at the premeditated making of Irish bulls he proved in one breath.

"The lead pencil," he said, "is mightier than—oh, than any thing else in the world."

A prognosticator of political futures ought to have his hands full with the United States these days. But I cannot resist the temptation to say a forward-looking word with regard to the Free State. Watch for Minister of Defense FitzGerald.

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Windows on the World

By MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS

"THE AMERICAN KAISER" is the name German reactionaries have given to S. Parker Gilbert. The young Agent-General for Reparation Payments was the object of a mock coronation ceremony in Berlin on the sixty-ninth birthday of the banished Wilhelm II. Posters announced it all over the capital, declaring: "Our former Kaiser ruled with crown and scepter; our new one rules with high hat and scissors for cutting coupons."

"As there seems to be no German capable of undertaking the difficult job," the German parties believing in the fulfillment of the Versailles Peace Treaty were charged with making Mr. Gilbert ruler of a "German hard labor colony."

About 10,000 people crowded to attend the mock coronation and hear tirades in favor of the military monarchist movement headed by General von Ludendorff, the war-time Chief of Staff.

The incident undoubtedly shows the restlessness and irritation that Germans feel as the burden of repayment of war damages grows. But such demonstrations are not serious; they are rather safety-valves. At the head of the Government is another war-time General, Marshal von Hindenburg, who takes his oath of allegiance to the Republic seriously.

Hindenburg has just put in charge of the Ministry of Defense—which has the responsibility of upholding the republican Constitution—another old soldier, General Groener. When the German morale was going to pieces in 1918, this commander urged the Kaiser to go into the trenches—either to win final allegiance by risking his life or to die as a brave monarch. But the Kaiser, feeling otherwise, fled—as Ludendorff, disguised in blue goggles, likewise did. General Groener then put himself at the service of the Republic and aided Hindenburg in disbanding the armies. He has served in four republican Cabinets.

Since no doubt seems to exist that Hindenburg has trusted the protection of national safety in reliable hands, the antics of the royalists can be enjoyed as an amusing way of letting off steam.

THE UNITED STATES officially has no connection with the League of Nations. But it paid toward the cost of conferences held in Geneva under League auspices last year a contribution larger than any other nation except Great Britain. Among League members expenses are prorated on the basis of national governmental expenditures. The United States accepted the assessment made on Great Britain, equal to $16,750, as its share toward the preparatory conferences on disarmament, the economic conferences, and the trade and transportation conferences, in which it took part. The fact furnishes a measure of American readiness to co-operate practically with the League—and also of the low cost of such international organization as contrasted to warfare.

FIVE FREIGHT CARS loaded with "agricultural implements" at a station on the Austro-Hungarian border would not seem to be any cause for diplomatic alarm in Europe. But it is another matter when they prove—as these did—to be loaded with machine guns. And when the machine guns are discovered—as these were—to come from Italy, the matter becomes more serious. Although ostensibly consigned to Poland, the shipment appears to have been on the way to delivery in Hungary. There is the nub of the matter, for the arming of Hungary from Italy would constitute a violation of the peace treaties by one of the defeated nations with the connivance of one of the victors.

The nations of the "Little Entente" of eastern Europe—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, with the rather half-hearted agreement of Rumania—have been moving for an investigation by the League of Nations. Mussolini has been cultivating close relations with Rumania, which may account for Rumanian reluctance to join in the policy of the two dominant allies in the "Little Entente," for Italy does not want League action and is bending every effort to forestall it.

Mussolini has been pursuing an unexplained and ominous policy in southeastern Europe—antagonizing Yugoslavia, forming an alliance with Albania, her neighbor on the Adriatic, conciliating Greece, her next neighbor to the south, forming friendships with Austria and Hungary, her anything-but-friendly neighbors to the north, and tending to alienate her ally, Rumania. Just where the Fascist dictator is heading no one is sure, but it might be toward domination of both shores of the Adriatic. He has succeeded in gaining a good many points without successful challenge. But this time Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—apparently with the support of France—seem bent on finding out just what Italy has in mind.

Machine guns labeled "agricultural implements" call for an explanation, and we are likely to hear more of them. They are not the sort of international trade that reassures European statesmen.

A BRITISH COLONY in Bolivia offers a new opportunity to overcrowded dwellers in the British Isles. Bolivia Concessions, Ltd., a British concern, obtained two years ago concessions for agricultural, oil, mineral, and timber rights in an area of some 50,000,000 acres in eastern Bolivia. That is a territory larger than England itself. And how important the concessions may prove is indicated by an estimate of David Smith, Chief of the United States Geological Survey, that Bolivia possesses great petroleum resources—perhaps the greatest in the world—in addition to ranking second in the world in exports of tin, and producing rubber and cotton.

British promoters have built roads and a railway into the concession and constructed a port—Bolivia's only port—on the Paraguay River, 600 miles inland. Now they are calling for British settlers to begin actual colonization. The numbers involved are not significant—600 in all. But the plan shows the determination and resourcefulness of the British in seeking to solve their post-war problems of economic reconstruction.

THE IMPORTANCE of Canada as a practically independent member of the British Commonwealth of Nations has received a new emphasis in the decision of Japan to establish a Legation at Ottawa. When the arrangements for exchange of diplomats are completed, Canada will have her own spokesmen in Washington, Paris, and Tokyo. And others may be expected to follow, stationed at other capitals. The flexibility of the British Imperial system is justly one of the political wonders of the world.

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Keyhole Journalism

IF a newspaper slanders an individual, redress can be had under the law of libel. But if the same newspaper pries into some personal affair which may be proved true, but concerning which publicity is sure to be painful, the injury inflicted may be deeper, while redress is difficult—usually impossible—to secure.

When a person occupies a position of trust or influence, broad social interest may justify any inquiry based on the desire to get at facts bearing on the individual's relation to the public. Men and women so placed must inevitably face open and direct observation and discussion. But with private persons it is a different matter. And the fact that a thing has happened does not make it the public's business.

A baby was born in New York recently to a woman who for three years had been a widow—a wealthy woman, long active in sociological affairs. She had not wished to remarry, but had desired a child. She chose a man who she believed would give her child a good physical and mental heritage, considered her own position, and confided in a few relatives and chosen friends. Her story ought to have stopped there, but one of the people she trusted blabbed it. The New York "World" got word of it; and, although its editors knew that the mother did not desire publicity, a reporter went to her room in the hospital and insisted on questioning her. That reporter's suggestive account of the whole matter—including thoughtfully the fact that both the mother and an aunt had pleaded to have it kept out of print—appeared on the front page.

Some time ago another New York woman—foolishly, without doubt—gave out word of her engagement to a member of the English peerage. The New York "Times" doubted the announcement and, for some reason, followed it up by inquiries in London, which showed that no such nobleman was known. That news appeared in top-column headlines that gave it entirely false importance.

What purpose do such reports serve that justifies the humiliation they cause and the snickering curiosity they satisfy?

The New York "Times" prides itself on the motto: "All the news that's fit to print." But that formula, evidently, is not sufficiently comprehensive to cover all the news considered worthy of its dignified-looking pages.

The New York "World" has a record for crusading in idealistic causes. Its editorial columns are informed with the spirit of desire for truth and justice and a fine sense of fair play. But its news columns sometimes show the touch of a different hand that makes them a sad contrast of unscrupulous journalism.

In this instance we are not concerned with the right or wrong of the mother's decision. What concerns us is the indubitable wrong of the newspaper's action. The "World" struck callously at the mother and child. For the sake of a cheap sensation, it exposed them both to the glare of the street and the gossip of gawpers.

To protect individuals from the Peeping Toms of the press who make them a helpless show for the crowd is becoming a grave issue in America. Nobody expects anything else of the tabloids. But when supposedly reputable newspapers disregard the responsibilities their power brings them and use it to exploit individuals who cannot defend themselves, they do more than inflict personal injury—they bring into disrepute the public service of journalism.

The Job of Being Married

THEY tell us that "the institution of marriage is in a bad way." Theological sanctions are losing their grip. The changing economic status of women is playing hob with old ideas of dependence. The automobile is making us a race of nomads. Psychology has evolved new definitions of spiritual liberty. And so we are asked to view with alarm the state of marriage.

We might share the worries of the alarmists if the principle of marriage were an invention of mankind. Fortunately, it is nothing of the sort. The essential element of marriage is as fundamentally instinctive in mankind as the desire for food or the hunger for an understanding of the mystery of the created world.

Many of our troubles (personal and social) come from thinking of marriage as static instead of dynamic. People talk glibly of the institution of marriage, as though all marriages could be classed under a single head, and as though there were two separate races of mankind, the married and the single. Young people have been taught to look forward to marriage as a magic formula which would change the nature of their beings.

As a matter of fact, to say that there are as many varieties of marriages as there are men and women is a gross understatement, for every marriage is in a constant state of flux and development, progress or retrogression. It is not the same thing today that it was yesterday, nor will it ever be again the same thing tomorrow. Successful marriages represent a development in the general direction of understanding, unity, and social responsibility. They represent a progress sometimes tragically halting, sometimes miraculously swift, towards the greatest growth of which the contracting spirits are capable.

The willingness to bear responsibility and the hunger for such unity and understanding in a universe where single souls confront the immeasurable loneliness of the stars is so all-powerful that the fundamentals of the marriage relation will remain as uncontrollable by theologians, reformers, and psychologists as were the waves of the ocean by the kingly command of Canute.

Half the battle for a successful marriage is won by those who can grasp the idea of permanent purpose in the midst of perpetual and bewildering flux. The romance of the reality of marriage is so satisfying an adventure that those who have experienced it have no need or desire to substitute for it the tinseled romance of the old story books which ended "and they lived happily ever after." Chopping the tale off at that point is like stopping a movie when the names of the producers, photographers, costumers, and scenario writers have been flashed upon the screen.

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Springer, Missouri

If Not Death, What?

ABOLITION of the death penalty is not new or strange to America. On the contrary, of the forty-eight States in the Union, only eight make capital punishment for murder mandatory. Thirty-two States leave the choice between death and imprisonment for life to the discretion of judge or jury. Eight States have in effect abolished the death penalty.

In this respect the United States is not unlike the rest of the civilized world. Eleven countries of Europe have abandoned the death penalty either by law or in practice, as have most of the cantons of Switzerland, one state of Australia, and nine of the countries of Latin America.

Michigan abandoned capital punishment as early as 1847, Finland as early as 1826.

It is clear, therefore, that the movement to dispense with the death penalty has been neither local nor temporary. Local excitement or temporary sentimentality, it is true, may have had much to do with the abolition of it in some instances, as likewise with its occasional reinstatement. But the growth of the movement to do away with capital punishment, at first gradual, in recent years comparatively rapid, has evidently been due to a substantial and reasoned conviction.

The reason for this conviction is the evidence that the execution of a murderer does not deter others from murder, and that, aside from preventing him from repeating his crime, the bad effects of the execution upon the public outweigh the good.

If not the death penalty, however, what?

Abolition of capital punishment will prove sound and lasting only as part of a movement toward a more rational and effective system of dealing with crime. It is not sufficient to love mercy; there is a duty which society owes to itself also to seek to do justly. What shall be substituted for our present methods?

The proposal made by Governor Smith is one answer. This proposal is briefly that in every criminal case the jury should simply determine whether the accused did or did not do what he is charged with doing, and then the question what shall be done with him if he is guilty should be left to the decision of a special board of experts acting under the law. The crime, even if it is murder, is the symptom—not the disease itself. It is to the interest of society that the disease be treated. If the offender is reclaimable, he should be reclaimed; if not, he should be segregated so certainly that he cannot be a further menace to his fellow-men. This proposal is not new. As long ago as October, 1916, The Outlook said that "not all murderers have proved themselves by their crime unworthy to live," and advocated "such a modification of the law as will leave the punishment of a convicted murderer to be determined by a tribunal appointed to decide whether his guilt calls for the extremest penalty of the law." When capital punishment is abolished, the extremest penalty of the law will be life imprisonment.

It is evident, of course, that if such a commission or tribunal decides that the convicted murderer should be imprisoned for life, the value of its decision would be largely if not wholly nullified and the permanence of the abolition of capital punishment would be imperiled by any executive or legislative commutation of the sentence. It is our opinion that it should therefore be made unlawful for either the Governor or the Legislature to pardon a prisoner sentenced by such a commission, or even to modify his sentence. Modification of the sentence should be possible only by action of a court upon newly discovered evidence or re-examination of the case in the light of the law. To make it certain that the treatment of a convicted murderer should be on a scientific and not emotional basis a State constitutional amendment would be necessary depriving the Governor and Legislature alike of certain of their existing powers.

The one exception to the total abolition of the death penalty should be in the case of a convicted murderer imprisoned for life who kills his prison guard or any one else in an attempt to escape. The reason for such an exception seems obvious. There is no further penalty in such a case that can be applied except that of death, and there is no other protection that prison guards can have against such an unreconciled murderer. The very existence of this exception is likely to prove a safeguard, as is indicated by the experience of the two States that in abolishing capital punishment retained this exception; for in neither State has there been any occasion for resorting to it.

Provided, first, that any one convicted of murder shall be sentenced by a tribunal or commission of experts;

Second, that once sentenced to life imprisonment, a murderer shall not have his sentence remitted or commuted except by a court of law;

Third, that he shall be subject to the death penalty if while imprisoned he commits murder again:

The Outlook advocates the abolition of capital punishment.

The Eyes Don't Have It

IF you punch a man on the nose, he can have you arrested. The law protects our sense of feeling.

If your factory pours noxious fumes over a city, your neighbors can get out an injunction against you. The law protects our sense of smell.

If you put even harmless chemicals in drinking water, you can be sued for it. The law protects our sense of taste.

If you run your loudspeaker at unseemly hours, the Board of Health will have something to say about it. The law protects our sense of hearing.

But—

You can stick an ugly advertising sign beside a public highroad in the most beautiful spot for miles around, and the law will probably protect you through the court of last resort. Why are our eyes discriminated against? Why is sight the stepchild in the family of senses?

Probably it will stay so until the majority of the people are as unanimous in their definitions of bad sights as they are in their definitions of bad smells.

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Miniatures from the Life

By IBBY HALL

THERE is a man in this country who is new to the ways of Americans. In the land of his ancestry it is a wise and profitable thing to own a piece of land, to cultivate it, to increase his crops and cattle, and so support his family. This man found that in the land of opportunity farming was not quite so simple. He had saved, and he had managed to secure for himself a small farm; but the ground was stubborn to deal with, rocky and unyielding.

The rocky ground (though there was so much of it), the strange markets, his wife and growing family to feed and buy clothes for—it was all too great a problem for a simple mind. Plainly enough, he reasoned, one should have business experience in order to get ahead in this feverish country.

Failure piled up on this man. When the burden became too great, it had to be dropped. The farm must be sold, the house, the cattle, the rocks, the fields—all must go. With his little family—his wife that was so good a mother, his three children, who must wait a while now before he could afford the country air again—he would move to New York; he would find in that great city the opportunity for business training that somehow he must acquire if he were to live.

The city was terrifying. It was full of everything except space. Still, in small, cramped rooms they could manage to live—at least so long as it took to build their fortune. She could keep house anywhere, that woman, and the children would be well cared for; meanwhile, he would look for his work.

The first day—the second day—the third day—the first week was gone. The second week, it would be better; he would know his way about. The third week—it was not so much a big job he was looking for, if perhaps there were some small piece of work that would let him buy food for a few days. A month went by.

Then a very strange thing happened. This city, that had paid so little attention to them, apparently had known they were there all along. After a day spent looking for work, the man went home to find a man in uniform arguing with his wife. The children were frightened, the youngest crying. This was no place for his wife, it seemed. The place for her was under lock and key. The jail was ready and waiting for such people. But what had she done? Why was the city so upset about his wife?

It seemed they wanted his wife in that county where farming had been so difficult. Those cows now, that were sold with the rest of the cattle; four of them had died. It was plain to be seen by the neighbor who had purchased them that his wife had poisoned those cows. Did the husband want to go bail for his wife? No; there was no money for bail. There was nothing. There was not even any longer any one to look after the children. Why did they think that his wife would poison cows—the cows that were their living? And what did the city want him to do now? With no wife to look after the children, no money, and no work?

This rocky country, these neighbors, this screaming city—this was a foreign land.

THE strange inward struggles of children rarely rise to the surface, and still more rarely reach the news. But recently there was the story of the little girl in Connecticut who broke into a rich little girl's playhouse (the rich little girl having gone to the city) and kept house there with great success until she was discovered by the overseer.

A little boy over in Long Island didn't need to read that newspaper story. On his way home from school one day the little boy stood and gazed at a shack in a deserted lot. He stood half-way between school and home, and school was filled with smarting memories. He was in trouble. He had misbehaved, and he was under explicit commands to tell his father all about it. School was behind him, and home, with terrifying possibilities, was ahead. He chose the shack. The horrors of bachelor housekeeping were unknown to him, but day by day he met them bravely. The weather was cold, and turned colder. With each desperate day and every lonely night, home looked more beautiful and desirable; but he stuck it out. Until the catastrophe. Perhaps he had been learning to cook, perhaps he was trying to warm himself, but in a few minutes he was rushing desperately to the fire-engine house. His shack was in a blaze. His two weeks' shelter from the world was gone. Excitement—the fire-engine—a crowd—and the boy was recognized. His housekeeping days were over. On the way home between his father and the detective he confessed that women did these things better.

THERE was a man who served his employer day after day and year after year. It was probably his pride that he served so faithfully—it was certainly his boast that he had never been late. Not once, in years of service, had he ever been late! Perhaps he had not risen very high in life; perhaps his ambitions had been larger than to be a jeweler's clerk, but he could hold his head high over this. He was an honest man. He never cheated his employer of a minute.

The employer of the clerk approached him one day quite genially. Here was an idea. A jeweler needs publicity—just like an actress or a five-cent cigar. Now take Christmas. Christmas is a good time to pull off a stunt—fake robbery—jeweler held up—maybe a bobbed-haired vamp in it—and the papers advertising you on the front page!

A jeweler's clerk can probably remember the problem of his employer's honesty for a year. At that it might have been a joke, for nothing really happened. Christmas came and went, and trade was no better than other Christmases.

The jeweler's clerk put in another year of faithful service—another year, and not one morning late. Not even the morning of last December when the newspapers became so excited and shouted right out on the front page how one more jeweler had been robbed! A girl bandit—pretty—and coaxing him to let her in on a Sunday when he just happened to be in the shop looking things over. And an accomplice that stuck a gun in the jeweler's ribs—and the haul— It was terrible!

The jeweler's clerk reported at the police station—one year ago had his employer suggested to him!!— He had even now, when this was printed, threatened to fire his clerk if he should give him away to the police.

The employer was invited to court, where he turned his strange imaginative eye upon the clerk, meditating his deathblow. He launched it coolly under the eyes of the police. "Nonsense!" said the jeweler. "I threatened to fire him because he was always late."

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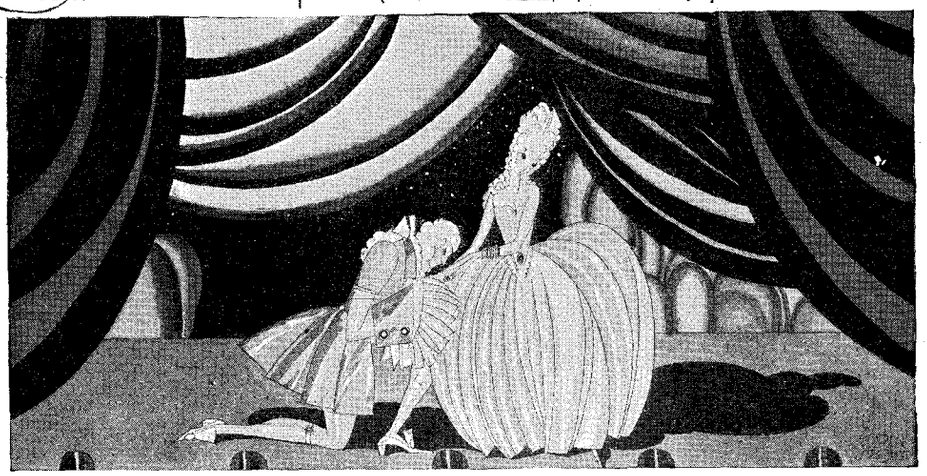
Lights Down



A Review of the Stage

ALMOST anything that enlisted the joint efforts of Robert E. Sherwood, playwright, and Roland Young, actor, would be worth going to the theatre to see. Mr. Sherwood has as deft a humor and as clear a mind as any playwright now writing. And Roland Young—well, ask the ladies about Roland Young!

For these reasons, one has the feeling as one departs from Mr. Sherwood's new play, "The Queen's Husband," that somehow the evening should have been better. Oh, yes, it was good; it was entertaining; it was dramatic and at moments even touched with genuine emotion. But it wasn't "The Road to Rome"—and somehow the bull's-eye, although touched, had been only grazed. All of which means that "The Queen's Husband" will provide you with a very pleasant evening of drawing-room drama—deftly done, well acted, and written definitely for intelligent people.

The feminine element among us may be disappointed to hear that Roland Young is not cast as a lover, desperate or otherwise. And that neither Mr. Sherwood's previous play nor Mr. Young's previous parts are remembered in this present venture. Instead, Mr. Young plays the part of a very much henpecked monarch, of middle age, whose only escape from the emptiness of his official position is to collect China penguins and play checkers with his footman. Blessed with a daughter who loves him and cursed with a shrewish, ambitious wife who never did, he is forced by the logic of events to assert himself, take matters into his own hands, and work out a most entertaining and satisfactory solution of the plot into which Mr. Sherwood has put him.

This will please everybody—except a critic or two—precisely as it always has. By which we mean that the story itself is neither significant nor startlingly original. It seems, somehow, to be mixed up with Queen Marie and the newspapers, as if Mr. Sherwood read clippings as he worked out his plot. But in this instance it doesn't matter much. What does matter is that Mr. Sherwood has applied the point of view of reality to the lives of modern-day constitutional royalty, has presented his picture with sanity and humor, and the result is a kind of entertainment that is all too rare. Only intelligent, well-balanced minds are able at all to write this sort of thing; and to do so in the theatre they must have, in addition to genuine perception, the ability of the dramatist. Mr. Sherwood has this.

In this particular example of his talents one is very kindly given a glimpse of palace life behid the scenes; and in particular the amusing yet very real picture of what such things as "arranged marriages" must mean to the people involved when the tinsel and the decorations and the cathedral candles have vanished and the pomp and ceremony are over, and two people who do not love each other are left alone to produce an heir to the throne. Done as Mr. Sherwood has done it, there are both drama and amusement to be derived from this picture. And in the character of the King himself there is much that is original and touching. In addition, the audience is given an oportunity to peep behind Somebody Else's Greater Society Column—and this, we suspect, is always an enjoyable business, from the kitchen sink to Windsor Castle.

Of course, if you are mean enough to be interested in defects, the main difficulty with "The Queen's Husband" is not that the Queen herself makes one think of Queen Marie nor that the end of the play is badly written—it isn't; it's immense; the main difficulty is that part of Mr. Sherwood's plot requires a struggle between the Socialists and the Militarists in the mythical kingdom wherein the action takes place; and the long speeches necessary to give an air of verisimilitude to this struggle are boring in the extreme and somehow introduce heavy chords of dull reality into a melody which is otherwise accompanied throughout by irony and humor. As a result, the amusing climax is almost stifled to death before it arrives. When it does, we find that the mountain has produced only a mouse. And while we are delighted with the mouse—that was all we expected—we are somehow irritated by the fact that there had to be a mountain.

We wish to record, nevertheless, several moments of genuine emotion in the midst of the gentle foolery. While we laughed, we also nearly produced a small tear—and at no instant were we offended; not by dullness, nor bad taste, nor muddled thinking, nor the heavy hand of the propagandist.

In short, here is a good, modern comedy, written for Mayfair and Park Avenue.

To realize how good it is just go and see "White Eagle"—with music by Friml. Gazing at the Indians and cowboys and British Lancers, you will find yourself suddenly at a monster meeting of the Associated High School Dramatic Clubs of North America. Somebody has been murdered. And the cast of the Associated High Schools has been ordered to keep the audience amused while the corpse is removed. And—but oh, well, what's the use? Go to see "The Queen's Husband."

Francis R. Bellamy.

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Music and Musicians

A Visit to Mary Garden—and Michigan Avenue

By EUGENE BONNER

IT was James Gibbons Huneker, the greatest critic and writer on things musical this country has yet brought forth, that seized upon the phrase *"il faut cultiver notre jardin"* from Voltaire's "Candide" and wittily applied it to the one and only Mary Garden.

However, if New York was unable to take Mr. Huneker's advice, Chicago had anticipated it, as it was one of the all too few visits of the Chicago Opera Company to the island of Manhattan that inspired that brilliant critic to write the series of articles on the art of Mary Garden, now included in his volume entitled "Bedouins." Not only did the city by the lake anticipate the advice referred to, but has followed it faithfully, and now Mary Garden is the bright particular star of that very vital organization, the Chicago Civic Opera Company.

This young organization, after many ups and downs of management and direction, one of the most brilliant seasons of all having been under the direction of Mary Garden herself, seems to have at last settled down into a thoroughly going concern. It has each year a season of approximately five months, three of which are devoted to Chicago itself and the other two to a vast tour from coast to coast, the longest stop being the two weeks in Boston, to say nothing of several one-night stands. The net result is that cities that in former days rarely ever heard an opera now have their one, two, or three performances a year by an organization of the very first rank which has on its roster such world-renowned artists as Mary Garden, Rosa Raisa, Fernand Ansseau, and Vanni Marcoux. The plans for a splendid new Opera House are now completed, and, if all goes well, the Chicago Civic Opera Company will be, within a couple of seasons, the most sumptuously housed organization of its kind in this country.

If there was ever any doubt of the blazing genius of this artist, her performance in the title rôle of Massenet's "Sappho" would set that doubt at rest finally and forever. In most of her other rôles, such as Mélisande, Louise, Fiora, or Salome, she not only has great possibilities for her histrionic abilities, but in addition is supported by music of a high order. In "Sappho" she hasn't a particularly good acting part, and the music, like so much of Massenet, is negligible. Even in Paris at the Opéra Comique, done by Marthe Chenal, the opera was frankly a bore. Mary Garden has changed all that!

From the moment of her riotous entrance, dressed in a superbly outlandish costume of mauve, orange, and black, in the very festive scene which opens the opera, to her pathetic exit in the closing scene at the little house at Ville d'Avray, she holds one. Costumed in the fashion of twenty-five years ago, with bright red playing the most important part in the color scheme, a mop of red hair done into a knot on the nape of her neck, she makes a bizarre and at times almost sinister effect. The power of the scene at Ville d'Avray, where she turns on her old friends, thinking they have willfully betrayed her to her lover, the pathos of the scene with Jean's mother, and the quiet dignity of her final farewell to him as he lies asleep, elevated the tawdry and insignificant little opera for the time being into a masterpiece.

Miss Garden, who, by the way, seems to improve vocally each year, was splendidly supported by Fernand Ansseau as Jean. Mr. Ansseau, who is a star of the Paris Opéra and of La Monnaie in Brussels, has a beautiful voice, is young and a fine actor besides. Why is it the Metropolitan can never find French tenors? (In this case it's a Belgian, but no matter.) The opera made no particular demands on the directing ability of Charles Lauwers, who conducted in place of Giorgio Polacco, who had been announced on the program, but was indisposed.

MUSIC lovers of this country have for so long associated what they persist in calling "grand opera" with battle, murder, daggers, and cold pizen that they have almost got to the stage where a light subject, no matter how skillfully handled, if given on one of our few great lyric stages, seems to them almost like laughing in church or making a noise in a bank. It was all the more delightful, therefore, to see that old favorite "Die Fledermaus" of Johann Strauss, beautifully mounted and gloriously sung *in English* by singers of the very first order.

Charles Hackett, well known to Metropolitan audiences, was the husband and played and sang as if he were enjoying every minute of the proceedings. Rosa Raisa, that superb Russian, sang and acted brilliantly the part of the deceived and deceiving wife, Rosalinde, though her splendid voice seemed at times a little heavy for the light character of the music; she was ably aided and abetted by Irene Pavloska in the part of the maid. Giacomo Rimini was delightful as the friend who, in order to revenge himself on the husband (who had once compelled him to promenade the streets in broad daylight after a masked ball in the costume of a bat), precipitated all the complications.

The rôles of the jail warden, the Russian nobleman, and the tenor were expertly handled by Chase Boromeo, José Mojica, and Forrest Lamont, respectively, while Virgilio Lazzari as the turnkey of the jail was excruciatingly funny in that low-comedy part. The ballet which appeared in the second act, in the "Blue Danube Waltz," and, of course, proceeded to bring down the house, added materially to the success of the operetta, which was ably conducted by Henry G. Weber.

IT was seeing the famous French actress Berthe Bady in the play of "Resurrection," after the story by Tolstoy, somewhere in the late nineties, that fired Franco Alfano, who was then living in Paris, to write an opera on that subject. While originally produced in Italy a good while ago, it made no very great success until year before last, when Mary Garden, who had dropped in casually to see a performance of it one evening at Monte Carlo a few months before and immediately recognized in it a vehicle for her genius, appeared in it in Chicago and subsequently on tour in this country.

Last autumn it was produced at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where it had a really astonishing success, due principally to Miss Garden's powerful and

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touching portrayal of the rôle of Katiusha, or Caterina Mikailovna, to give the character its full name. While the opera had been accepted at that institution as long ago as 1908, it had been side-tracked, and would probably have never been heard there at all had it not been for the determination of this great artist to appear before her Parisian public in the leading rôle.

As usual, Mary Garden knew what she was about, as her portrait of the pathetic Katiusha is one of her most beautiful characterizations. The opera, which is in four acts, gives splendid opportunities to a great actress, which in this case are made the most of. The innocent young girl, the deserted helpless creature about to become a mother, the hardened bitter woman in the prison, innocent of the murder with which she is charged, and, finally, the "resurrection" of her soul, when, although pardoned, she renounces her earthly happiness to follow and minister to the other exiles in Siberia—all these phases of the character are delineated with an unerring touch and a never-failing sympathy by our greatest singing actress.

Musically the opera is interesting if not exactly a masterpiece. Alfano, who employs much the same musical idiom as Puccini and Mascagni, has the true operatic technique, a good line, and is always dramatically convincing. He has in no sense written music of a Russian character, though here and there he has choral effects which give the atmosphere needed. The music of the prison scene, notably the bit where the women prisoners are marched to chapel, has color and was genuinely effective, while that of the final scene on the snow-covered Siberian plain is simple, direct, and appealing.

Associated with Miss Garden was René Maison as the Prince Dimitri. Mr. Maison is a commanding figure of a man and is just the type for the part; his voice, of a very beautiful quality, is marred at times by a tendency to tightness, which, however, he should be able to overcome.

SATURDAY brought forth two offerings, "La Traviata" in the afternoon with Claudia Muzio as the long-suffering Violetta, and a spirited performance of "Carmen" in the evening.

Miss Muzio, who has increased considerably in artistic stature since her Metropolitan days, was an effective albeit somewhat robust lady of the camellias, singing with a vocal opulence in the first act that completely belied her supposed state of health. Why don't all the music and libretto publishers get together and decide to let that poor harassed creature (Violetta, not Muzio) die of heart trouble instead of weak lungs? Antonio Cortis sang beautifully as Alfredo, Richard Bonelli was excellent as Germont *père,* and there was a charming ballet in Flora's house—a structure, by the way, in size and appearance not dissimilar to St. Peter's in Rome.

Lorna Doone Jackson and Fernand

Photograph by G. Maillard Kesslere, B.P.

MARY GARDEN

Of the Chicago Civic Opera Company

Ansseau were the principals of the popular-priced "Carmen" that evening. Miss Jackson has a fine contralto voice which she uses very well and made a delightful Carmencita. She indulged in no extravagances, and, while her interpretation was to a certain extent conventional, it was by no means dull. Mr. Ansseau was eminently satisfactory as Don José, while the last-act dances, superbly danced by Maria Yurieva, Vechslav Swoboda, and the *corps de ballet,* were the most brilliant and effective we have seen in this opera, anywhere or at any time.

"Samson and Delilah" with Cyrena Van Gordon and Charles Marshall in the leading rôles was a most satisfying Sunday afternoon offering, and Monday evening brought a repetition of "Sappho," with the glamourous Mary as Fanny Legrand and René Maison as Jean. This fine young Belgian tenor (do all the French tenors come from Belgium?) was in much better voice than when he sang in "Resurrection" a few days before, and the beautiful quality of his voice, added to his acting and fine stage appearance, made him a most effective Jean.

STRANGE that a period so rich in dramatic possibilities as the witch-baiting times in Salem should have inspired so far no really great drama on that subject. "A Witch of Salem," unfortunately, is no exception to the rule. A young girl in a sudden fit of jealousy accuses her friend of being a witch, and subsequently, in order to save that girl's life, is obliged to announce publicly that she, and not the other, is the witch, and to be hung in consequence. A not particularly good operatic subject, and badly handled to boot by Nelle Richmond Eberhart, the author of the libretto.

Charles Wakefield Cadman, who wrote the music of this opera, has made a rather disjointed score of it. Episode follows episode with little continuity of line, musically or dramatically, which is a pity, as Mr. Cadman has written here and there passages of genuine beauty. The last act comes dangerously near being a monologue for the tenor, and having the climax of the opera, the confession scene, take place off stage adds nothing to the effectiveness of the piece.

Edith Mason did her very best with the rôle of Claris Willoughby, while Irene Pavloska was the jealous friend who went on about banshees until one of them got her for talking too much. Charles Hackett sang well as Arnold, the weak-kneed (and apparently weak-minded) lover of the innocent Claris, while Puritan friends, an Indian servant, and spinning-wheels contributed the necessary colonial atmosphere. A composer can't always make a good libretto out of a poor one, but he can, by judicious cutting and timing, manage to keep his opera from sitting down on us.

The Cadman work was followed by "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Muzio and Lamont in the leading rôles. The end of our allotted seven days and the midnight train for New York, wheezing impatiently over at the Michigan Avenue station, precluded our hearing more than the opening scene of the Mascagni piece, which brought to a close both the evening's entertainment and our week's sojourn in that most stimulating and very windy city by the shores of Lake Michigan.

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The Movies

By ARTHUR M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Last Command"

EMIL JANNINGS has earned, by intelligent application of his innate ability, the right to be called the world's greatest motion-picture actor. This statement is made with no intention of starting an argument; the fact is seemingly acknowledged by critics and concurred in by film audiences on many continents. Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks may be called "type" actors, for want of a less clumsy term; John Barrymore rises not infrequently to the heights, only to spoil it all by turning suddenly ham. John Gilbert, Ramón Novarro, Ronald Colman—all have been guilty of work so uneven that when a competitor comes along who can rival them at their best, and do it consistently, they must bow the knee and cry, "Master!" (And can't you just hear them doing it?)

Jannings can make up as skillfully as Lon Chaney, play comedy with the best of them, and portray the showier emotions with startling fidelity; and he can do these things in a manner utterly appropriate to the part in hand.

In "The Last Command" he is called upon to portray a Russian Grand Duke at the height of his great power and in the depths of defeat and disgrace. He does this with a sureness of touch beautiful to behold.

The story, in which Hollywood takes obvious pleasure in kidding itself ever so slightly, opens on a motion-picture lot, with Jannings, as the once autocratic relative of the Czar, doing a humble extra bit in a Russian film. Then it flashes back to the Russia of 1917, and we are shown the events leading up to the tragedy; the final scenes are laid in the Hollywood setting, and the whole is an interesting, worth-while picture. It may be stigmatized by ultra-realists as too improbable; but is it? Strange things have happened to Russia and her people, and it is a well-known fact that innumerable strange things happen in Hollywood. You have probably seen some of them.

"Beau Sabreur"

"WHEN the muezzin sounds the call to evening prayer—strike!"

As announced last week, this page of movie reviews and appreciations will be a regular feature of The Outlook. The movies can no longer be dismissed as moron entertainment. A good deal of infantile mush comes out of Hollywood, but now and again, and increasingly, come pictures that are worth any one's while. Mr. Sherwood will watch for these.

Thus one of the subtitles of "Beau Sabreur," and the picture is all catalogued for you, right there. It is interesting enough to make you wish that the director (a Mr. John Waters) hadn't been in such a hurry to get on with it. The scenes appear and vanish with such headlong speed that it's quite impossible to see who is winning the battle, or who all those people are who seem to be going somewhere on camels.

"Beau Sabreur," the novel, was, of course, a sequel to "Beau Geste;" it was an improbable tale, but its very improbability gave it a certain glamour. This quality is absent from the picturization, because most of the story has been mislaid, somewhere, in the general rush.

Gary Cooper plays the male lead in a manly, if wooden, manner, and Evelyn Brent is the heroine. For a girl who has barely escaped death, or worse, by secreting herself in the saddle-bag of an outbound camel, Miss Brent trots out an astounding number of snappy frocks for oasis wear. As a fat comedy sheik with carnal leanings Noah Beery is funny; and one gets a couple of flashes of William Powell as a renegade who goes about starting revolts.

Neither Mr. Cooper nor Miss Brent wears a black beard at any time in the picture, and this helps greatly in identifying them as they fly past.

"The Divine Woman"

THE producers of Greta Garbo's newest picture made a most creditable attempt to give her something really good—something she could sink those beautiful white teeth into. They provided her with the direction of Victor Seastrom, and with the services of Lars Hanson and Lowell Sherman in support; with lavish settings and form-fitting gowns. And then they all went happily off to lunch, having forgotten all about furnishing her with a story. Appalled at this oversight, and so flustered they hardly knew what they were doing, they snatched up a stage play called "Starlight" and made a story of it before Miss Garbo could say "Leif Ericson."

It is that story which Mr. Seastrom has been compelled to direct and Greta Garbo to enact. Its exigencies force upon her the necessity of behaving like Colleen Moore and the Talmage sisters, Constance and Norma, all rolled into one. Gone, or nearly gone, are the static languor, the effortless come-hither, which have made Greta Garbo famous. True, she still soothes the optic nerve as no other screen actress can begin to do, but things have, in our opinion, come to a pretty pass when Greta Garbo has to take the initiative in a love scene.

It's not her fault, and it's not, we suspect, Mr. Seastrom's fault either. If film producers can't, or won't, distinguish between a scenario which has some semblance of credibility and a vapid, footling thing like "The Divine Woman," they are in no position to object if stars like Miss Garbo are miscast and their sweetness wasted on the climate of southern California.

See "The Divine Woman," if you can; it's a treat to the eye, and our guess is that, even if the plot annoys you, a sight of Greta Garbo will make it up to you.

"The Circus"

ONLY one consideration keeps us from learning Esperanto and then writing a piece about Charlie Chaplin in that language: it is the certain conviction that some one has done it before. One might as well write a biography of Samuel Johnson, or embark on a series of children's stories to be entitled "Peter Rabbit." "The Circus" is another Charlie Chaplin picture, and therefore you ought to see it.

There is, perhaps, more pie and less pathos in "The Circus" than in his more recent films, but that is a minor matter. If you like Charlie Chaplin, you'll like "The Circus;" and if you don't like Charlie Chaplin—but there! That's been said, too.

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The Tale of the Youthful Shogun

(*Continued from page 209*)

sudden a few million flattering anthems his courtiers had sang into his ears over his superb skill with the sword.

"Your swordsmanship—your old lady's broomship!" jeered the *gero*. "Why, you cannot make a lazy frog excited with all your pretty sword play. You may cut a pumpkin, but it has to be tied so it won't roll before you could do it."

There was no retort to this from the Shogun. It was the first unembroidered statement which had ever entered his ears in all his born days. The Prince knew it.

"However," went on the *gero*, "I am going to spare you for this time. Your voice sounds so much like that of the August Great Master of us all, the illustrious Third Shogun, there must be something good about you somewhere. But, being what you are, you might easily forget your lesson. I am going to give you something that will encourage you to remember—for a few days, anyhow."

So saying, the *gero* jerked the Shogun up out of the dust.

"Now, then, take this," said he, and the *gero* clenched his fist and hit the Shogun squarely on his forehead. The young Shogun tottered under the impact of the fierce blow. When he recovered, the *gero* was gone. The Shogun felt his aching brow and found a welt as big as a hen's egg. That was the first and the last taste of a fist that the famous Third Shogun ever experienced in his august life. The Shogun sank on the embankment of the castle moat and lost himself in thought. Meanwhile his three attendants managed to climb out of the moat and joined him. And together they smuggled themselves back into the proud Chiyoda Castle like a pack of sneak thieves. The Shogun got a lesson —a sort of a lesson that not even a Shogun could forget.

BACK in his castle, the more he rubbed the bump on his forehead, the more impressed was the young Shogun with the feat of the *gero* who had given him and his attendants such a licking. That humble servant of the mushroom hat must be a natural-born master of the art of the sword. So the Shogun despatched some of his faithful retainers to hunt through the Samurai families of the Edo City for a *gero* of exceptional ability with the sword. But no startling discovery came to light.

Meanwhile the young Shogun was an utterly changed man. Any courtier who failed to give him the fight of his life on the floor of the fencing hall was out of favor with the Shogun. He worked under his sword master, Yagyu, Lord of Hida, with fervor and devotion that astounded every one. His progress was sensational. And at last he attained the degree of perfection which entitled him to receive all the secrets of the great school of Yagyu Shinkage-ryu from his sword master, Lord of Hida.

SO the years came and went, and suddenly Yagyu, Lord of Hida, asked his Prince the Shogun for the order of his own dismissal. Puzzled and completely taken aback, the Shogun summoned his sword master to explain the meaning of his singular prayer. It was then that the great swordsman told the Shogun that the *gero* who had given him and his three attendants the surprise party on that memorable night outside of the Sakurada Gate was none other than Yagyu himself. And now that the Shogun was the master of the sword and, moreover, of his own self, the Lord of Hida was ready to take punishment he so abundantly deserved for that egg-sized welt on the august forehead.

"So, it was you, then?" said the Shogun, enlightened. "I thought it was queer. But how well you managed to disguise your voice that night! As for that fist blow on my forehead, I have always taken that as a reprimand from the august ghost of Nikko [deified spirit of Ieyasu, the founder of the house of Tokugawa, enshrined at Nikko]. So, it's all right."

THE story held Dr. Lambuth like a "road to yesterday;" he listened to it as if he were back in his boyhood days.

"An interesting story," said he.

"Did Jesus do anything like that?" I asked him. "I mean something brave, like this Lord of Hida?"

Dr. Lambuth laughed. "It seems to me I used to feel somewhat like you about the character of Jesus—once," said he. And then he added something about all the small boys going through their Old Testament days in one way or another. At the time I had not the remotest idea of what he meant by that.

Then he told us the story of small David, a mere youth, stepping forth to fight a giant and well-seasoned warrior called Goliath with the two whole armies of Israel and of the Philistines on the grand stand.

He told us how the boy David threw away the armor and the helmet with which Saul his king had clothed him and went forth to meet his giant enemy armed only with a hand-made sling and with less than half a dozen pebbles picked from a brook and won the championship whose prize was nothing less than the salvation of his race.

IT took mighty little time for my emotion to catch fire over the story of David. There was nothing of that pale, far-away shadow of the four Gospels about this little boy champion. The very next day, I read through the two books of Samuel—and I read them as I had never read any sacred books of any sort before. And I read where David told a lie to a priest called Ahimelech; how he stole the fair wife of one of his faithful soldiers, called Uriah—and that was after he had been anointed King over Israel before the Lord, too—and stole her like a sneak thief; how David had this same Uriah murdered in a battle that he might enjoy the man's wife, in about as cowardly and treacherous a style as any of our own heroes of feudal Nippon ever dared to indulge. But these black stains on David's character did not bother me much. Murder and adultery were mere academic sounds to me in those days. I looked upon them as upon more or less dreadful patterns on the wall of the colorful and tumultous Hall of Life.

But the little sturdy boy-shepherd, armed with the splendor of youth, a sling and a heart that commanded the respect of a lion and a bear, rising out of nowhere to the dais of a king, and then going—the poor fellow!—going to the dogs and to the devil in the same old fashion over which kings and princes seem to have such unanimous monopoly, he was a figure to stir the imagination.

I TOLD Dr. Lambuth how I had read all about David in the books of Samuel.

"Yes?" he said. "Quite a different character from that of Jesus. He slew a lion and a bear and mowed down Goliath. But before his own passion he went down like a straw scarecrow before a typhoon."

It took me years—literally years—to sense the meaning of Dr. Lambuth with any clearness. But when I did—the character of Jesus took a big, definite step out of the pale fog and shadow.

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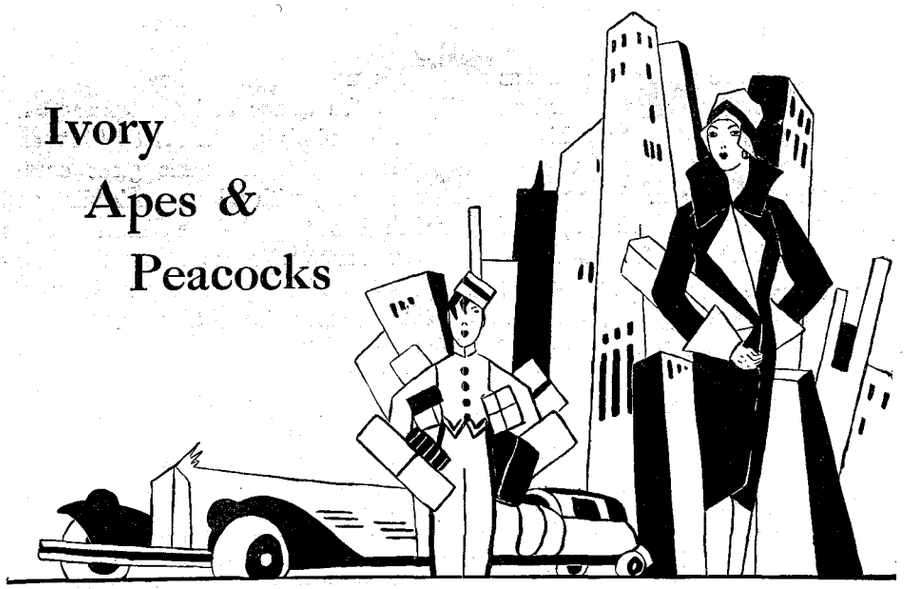
Ivory Apes & Peacocks



Concerning Gadgets and Games

WE made some neat little drawings the other day and took them in and showed them to the editor. He said: "What's this?" We said: "Pictures of some of the things we have seen. We thought that a picture would be so much better than a written description in many cases. That watch, for instance. It's very difficult to give any one an idea of how it looks in words." "Yes," said the editor, "I can imagine that it would be." "That isn't the watch you're looking at," we pointed out. "That's a bookcase. And, anyway, you've got it upside down." "I like it better this way, somehow," he replied. "I can see what it is." He looked at it a moment longer, then he shook his head. "They're very nice," he said, "but I'm afraid we can't use them. This one of Washington crossing the Delaware, now"— "That's a modernistic bridge lamp," we objected. "Well, take this one, then," he went on. "This of Jupiter and Io struggling over the bust of Queen Victoria. It's very spirited. But I'm afraid it's a little advanced for our readers."

This editorial jealousy of our artistic ability cut us to the heart. But we were not convinced. We took one of the simplest of the drawings, a sketch of an old English coal hod, and when we got home that night handed it without comment to our housekeeper. "Oh," she said, "I've seen those." "Seen 'em!" we exclaimed. "Why"— "Yes," she said, "they're the things where you take away two lines and get the date of Columbus's death."

We are not showing our drawings any more. Secretly, we believe that they are faithful and expressive, and executed with a great deal of dash and verve. But we are ahead of our time; the world is not yet ripe for them.

Meanwhile we continue our *viva voce* descriptions, if that's the right word. And it is true that during our perigrinations in your behalf we have seen a great many new, unusual, and interesting things about which we have said nothing simply because it seemed impossible to give you a description which would show you what they were like. In the old advertising phrase, they "must be seen to be appreciated." So we hereby bespeak your indulgence, and ask you to believe that if our descriptions occasionally seem to you unnecessarily difficult to understand, it is due to our inadequacy in twisting the English language into new shapes, and not at all to any lack of the will to inform.

There is at Gorham's, for instance, a new watch which either a man or woman can carry in purse or pocket without chain or handle, just as a lighter or vanity case would be carried. It's square and flat, the case of silver or of red, black, or green enamel, split down the center so that at the touch of a spring the two sides slide apart, exposing the face, with radium dial and hands.

At Gorham's, too, are some modernistic designs, conservative and lovely, beautifully wrought in combination with lapis lazuli, jade, or carnelian. There are bowls raised on stretchers—shallow for cards, perhaps; deeper for sauces or salad dressings. The uprights are joined to the bowl with modernistic silhouetted figures—fish, gazelles, and so on. Set into the feet of the stands are bits of lapis, jade, or carnelian. There were two rather nice cigarette snuffers—although we don't think much of cigarette snuffers, as a rule. One was a silver seal with a jade ball balanced on his nose, the other a trained bear with all four feet poised on a sphere of jade or carnelian.

Another article that is rather difficult to describe is a leather cigarette case which will open up and stand firmly on a table. It holds twenty cigarettes, comes in pigskin and in several colors of calf *écrasé*—doesn't that mean squashed calf?—and has a swivel frame so that it stands open like a sawbuck.

There is a green bronze foot-scraper that we liked very much. Two small, very important looking winged lions stand facing outward on opposite sides of a circular base—at least the front ends of them face out, for they have no hind quarters, the bodies stretching across to join and form the scraper part.

Exhausted with our efforts to describe these things—which, after all, are much simpler than a great deal of the modernistic stuff we have seen recently—we turn to games. "Horses" is another of those racing games, less expensive than the one we described a few weeks ago. "Disco" is a stay-at-home relative of shuffleboard. It is played with eight wooden discs of different colors, with wooden handles screwed slantwise into the top center. You play it on a polished floor, and it affords more exercise than you might believe.

"Modart" is a game which will keep your eye in training during the winter months if you have succumbed to the recent renewed enthusiasm for archery. There are six feathered, pin-pointed darts and a target that is marked off into pie-shaped sections, each labeled with its score. The inner portion of each section scores double the outer half, and the bull's-eye scores fifty.

There is a very good miniature shooting gallery which contains three celluloid birds, a rubber stamp to print targets, some thick rubber bands, a package of BB shot, and a pistol. We have tried this, and it is accurate, but don't go practicing in the drawing-room, or you'll have a lot of perforated family portraits and broken bric-à-brac to explain away. Also, the shot fall all over the floor, and BB shot can be very embarrassing if you step on a bevy of them just as you are greeting guests. But if you have a small boy, and a barn, attic, or cellar, you can get very good results with this game, and it's not as annoying to neighbors as the old-fashioned air rifle with which we used to sting our enemies in our youth.

W. R. B.

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Roll Your Own Diploma

(*Continued from page 211*)

young Americans on the campus and the hundreds of thousands of young and old Americans now taking university extension courses add two million in the correspondence schools.

No doubt there is a wildness of aim and a confusion of purpose about much of our education in America. Thousands of students on the campus are lost in a maze of courses so elaborately varied that they run from cost accounting to Norse-Icelandic prose and so ingeniously cut off from one another that not even the dean can find his way around. Thousands of students of extension courses have simply started in, from a point midway in space, on something which has suddenly occurred to them as important and something which they will promptly drop for something else when something else seems suddenly to be still more important. Thousands of students of the correspondence schools who have nothing to say are sitting up nights to improve their diction.

It is a strange scene, and yet it is not un-American. For the wild rush with which we are now engaged in getting ourselves educated is the same wild rush with which we settled a continent. Twenty-five colleges suddenly add courses in apartment-house management because more apartments are being built; the idea gains ground that running apartment-houses is a lucrative profession, and thousands of Americans promptly clamor for a science. Twenty-five more colleges suddenly add courses in the technology of running dry-goods stores and notion counters because the success of Standard Oil and General Motors seems to stand as vivid and compelling proof that somewhere in the mysteries of overhead and cost accounting lies the key to bigger profits. Two hundred correspondence schools spring up overnight, offering courses in the command of language and the power of effective speech, because an age of supersalesmanship has driven home the theory that if a man can talk enough—well enough, long enough, and loud enough—his boss will pick him for a winner, his friends will take him for a sage, his company will vote him better wages, he can dominate the after-dinner conversation, quote freely from the masters, and amaze his fellow-guests.

This is a restless land, and its people tire of moving rhythmically but unadventurously through a familiar orbit. For years it was their custom to pack their goods and move again whenever they heard of a sun so kind and a soil so rich that the corn grew eight feet tall. That day is gone. But Americans still pull up stakes with an ease that surprises Europe and move their goods to a new frontier at the opposite end of life from that at which they started. The farmer's son goes to college and becomes a mechanical engineer. The engineer's son goes to college and becomes a scientific farmer. The bank teller takes a night course in admiralty law, the schoolteacher studies structural drafting after hours, the street-car conductor is going in for real estate when he has finished six more lessons, and the butcher's boy is learning to be a detective. The night lamp burns. And the colleges grow and build new halls and add new courses and invent new sciences because the search goes on. It is the will of millions of Americans to find the end of the rainbow.

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Mississippi is fast becoming the great dairy empire of the South. She now supports five condenseries, bearing such names as *Borden* and *Carnation*; altogether, her cheese factories, creameries, milk plants and condenseries now represent millions of invested dollars. In 1926 and 1927 no less than $340,000,000 of new capital came into the State.

There are four new railroads now under construction here. With two deep-water ports, with great raw resources, with diversified industries (already ranging from tooth paste to paper, from textiles to furniture), with vast hydro power to draw from, with business expanding solidly in a hundred directions... Mississippi typifies the transformed South.

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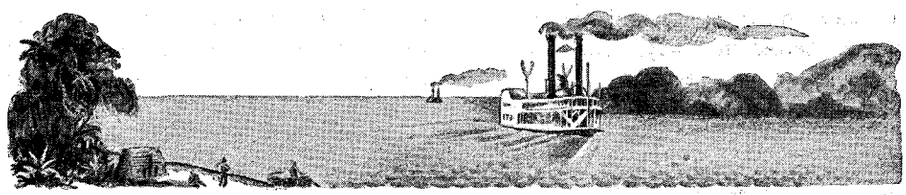

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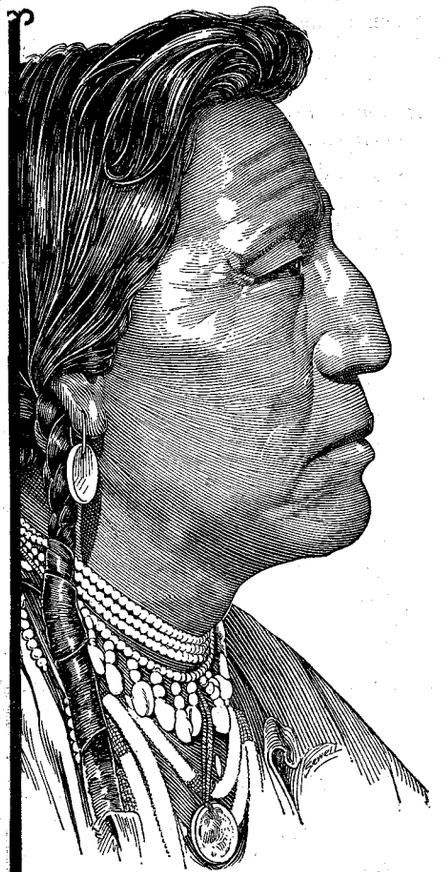

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Trusts and Trustees

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

AS the prosperity of the country increases and the number of substantial legacies grows more numerous, the question of the proper handling of estates becomes more and more important.

This problem inevitably involves the use, if any, to be made of a trust company. Unfortunately, the question is usually too simple in the minds of most men and women as they make or amend their wills. Shall we, they say, appoint an individual or a corporation as a trustee? A yes or no answer is very often the wrong answer, because, in so many cases, it is advisable to appoint both.

An authority on the subject says that an ideal trustee has nine attributes: knowledge, financial responsibility, tact, patience, forcefulness, understanding, impartiality, ability to digest and command a mass of detail, and permanence. Individual trustees always lack the last qualification. They may die, go insane, fall ill, or take trips abroad. Trust companies never do any of these things. The individuals, moreover, who are best qualified to act as trustees are usually so occupied with other work that they cannot give the time and attention to a trust that it may demand. As for the average individual, it is safe to say that his fiduciary ability is well below that of the average trust company.

A corporation, on the other hand, falls something short of perfection as a sole trustee. In many cases it lacks the special knowledge for the operation of a business, the disposal of certain securities, or the adjustment of personal differences that sometimes make a trust as difficult a charge as a troupe of opera singers. A corporate fiduciary, however energetic and painstaking its officers, will sometimes do even better work if some one with a personal interest occasionally calls its attention to some oversight or missed opportunity.

By appointing individuals and trust companies as co-trustees every possible objection can be met. The maker of a will can direct that the duties be divided so as to make them perfectly supplementary. Friends, partners, or relatives who have exceptional knowledge regarding a business or certain securities can be given the sole right of exercising the trust office in regard to those affairs, while the handling of details and the maintenance of a never-ending watchfulness over all the property held in the trust can be delegated to the corporation. In this way, the best specialized and the best general knowledge available are both utilized.

The only reasonable objection to a co-trusteeship is the expense. In some instances this is important. Co-trustees of estates amounting to less than $100,000, however, must split the legal fees, so that it is no more expensive to have five trustees than to have one.

Testators unfamiliar with trusts often feel that they are too rigid. For their benefit, it cannot be emphasized too often that they can make any trust provisions they want. They can direct, for instance, the purchase of only common stocks or of no common stocks, the division of the funds between bonds and stocks, the price at which certain securities may be sold, that property may be sold only with the consent of an individual whose judgment they believe to be exceptionally sound, or that nothing left in the estate be sold for a certain period.

Certainly all people have trust problems peculiar to themselves which may be solved by far-sighted provisions. No rule is applicable to all cases.

In choosing an individual trustee testators nearly always exercise the greatest care. They realize the necessity of finding one peculiarly well qualified for the office. In the selection of a trust company they are not always so painstaking. All corporate fiduciaries are, with few exceptions, conscientious and well trained, as all individuals unhappily are not. The selection of a trust company, nevertheless, is a problem of considerable importance.

Continual debate rages about one phase of this problem. The issue concerns the relative merits of trust companies which sell securities and those which do not. Objections to the first type are fairly plausible. It is not sound policy, it can be and is said, for the same corporation to sell bonds through one department and buy them for clients through another. Under these circumstances, the impartiality that is certainly one of the most important attributes of the perfect trustee is, in theory at least,

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hard to maintain. Cynics insist that some of these companies buy for trusts securities that they have not been able to sell to the public. Actual foundation for such charges is very slim indeed.

Trust companies which have bond-selling departments frequently will admit that the objections are superficially sound. They assert, though, that in practice they can do even better for their trust beneficiaries than can the companies which are not houses of issue. They point out that the bond and the trust departments are entirely divorced, and that neither has the slightest control over the other, giving endless examples of situations in which their opinions differed sharply. The bond department, in their opinion, is an asset, since it can supply the trust officers with better statistical and general information than is available to companies which do not issue securities.

Statistics as to the relative success of the two types of trust companies would be very illuminating. Unfortunately, they are not and never will be available.

The choice between trust companies which issue securities and those which do not is of greater importance in some States than in others. In New York and most other States a corporate fiduciary cannot profit from the purchase or sale of securities for its trusts, but in many States it can. Where the laws are more lax, of course, a company's temptation to buy the securities it has issued is greater. In practice, however, the companies which have put their own issues into trusts have often put up their own money to prevent defaults of bonds or mortgages in order to stifle the charge that they have profited by the sale to trusts of unsound securities.

The whole question of when money should be left in trust and when it should be bequeathed outright is not discussed here. The right and duty of an individual to lay post-mortem restrictions on his property is a problem that lies in the field of ethics and sociology. All that a conservative financial adviser will say is:

"If you have made up your mind to create a trust, remember that in an overwhelming majority of cases a trust company should be employed in a fiduciary capacity. In a great many cases, though, a corporation should not be the sole trustee. Frame the trust provisions to suit the particular problems of your own property and your own beneficiaries."

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WHILE building up a business, a man may need to concentrate in it all his resources. But when the business has become firmly established and is yielding him a surplus, to continue putting money in it may be inadvisable. Gradually, then, until the time comes to retire from active business, it is wiser to build up a dependable structure of bond investments so well selected and diversified that it will provide a worry-free source of income, eventually to replace personal earning power.

Some men desire to conserve against business hazard, the property they have accumulated for their families; others want to be relieved of responsibility and care. It is the natural evolution of a business life and may involve selling to others a participation in the ownership of one's business.

We are frequently called upon to help invest the proceeds, sometimes a very large amount. The problem is given us to design a well balanced investment structure, diversified for safety and income, for maturity and marketability; also to supply the bonds required to build that structure.

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Tell Me a Story

Original tales remembered from childhood to tell to children

Conducted by HARRIET EAGER DAVIS

Illustrated by J. Van Everen

THIS is one of the stories sent us by an Outlook reader. When Mrs. Thurston was quite small, her father homesteaded in the northern part of Michigan, where they were the first permanent settlers within many miles. A young man from the East hired with the family for two years, and proved an excellent source of entertainment. "The Grumpy Pig" was one of his stories, and, to Mrs. Thurston's knowledge, the hired man had not read it in a book nor has she herself seen it in print.

The Grumpy Pig

As remembered by Martha W. Thurston, an Outlook reader

ONCE there was a Little Pig who was always grumbling and complaining. The milk was "too sour," the corn was "too hard," the pig-pen was "too small"—in fact, nothing ever quite satisfied him. So finally his mother said: "I'm sorry, Little Pig, but you will just have to go away and live by yourself for a while, or soon all your brothers and sisters will be grumbling and complaining too."

Well, the Little Pig thought that was fine. "If I live all by myself," he thought, "I can do just as I please and eat what I like and never go to bed till midnight." So he turned up his nose at his brothers and sisters, instead of saying good-by nicely, and followed his mother till they came to the edge of a wood. There she built him a little corn-cob house, left some corn for him to eat, kissed him sadly, and went away.

At first the Little Pig had a wonderful time. He ate only the softest corn, played just as he liked, with nobody to bother him, and never went to bed until midnight. But after a while there was only hard corn left, so he had to eat that, and he grew so tired those long evenings with no company but his own that he fell asleep long before bedtime. It began to feel pretty lonesome, but the Little Pig was stubborn and obstinate and he wouldn't admit even to himself

> In almost every family there is one favorite story which is an unwritten classic. It is usually the invention of one of the parents, and is sometimes passed on with variations to each succeeding younger generation. The Outlook will be glad to receive and to pay for any such stories which our readers remember from their own childhood and which are found available.

that he wanted to go home. But sometimes he used to dream about his mother's nice, noisy pig-pen full of brothers and sisters grunting and squealing and rolling about, and when he woke up and saw only the walls of his little corn-cob house he felt very sad.

One cold, stormy day, when he was feeling especially lonesome, somebody knocked on the door. Now the Little Pig didn't know it, but it was the Old Bear, the meanest old fellow in the woods, who ate up everything he could get his jaws on and who had once eaten the Little Pig's great-uncle, and left his great-aunt a widow, with a dozen little children to raise.

"Who's there?" called the Little Pig, not sure whether to open the door or not. He knew the woods were full of dangerous enemies, but he did want company so badly!

"A friend," said the Old Bear.

"What do you want?" asked the Little Pig.

And the Old Bear answered: "It snows and it blows and it cuts my nose, and I pray, Little Pig, won't you let me get my nose in?"

The Little Pig thought it could do no harm just to let this stranger get his nose in, so he opened the door a little crack. The Old Bear stuck in his black nose and said: "Oh, you are a good little pig!"

Pretty soon he begged again: "It snows and it blows and it cuts my toes, and I pray, Little Pig, won't you let me get my toes in?"

Well, the Little Pig began to feel sorry for the stranger, and it was very cold, so

he opened the door just a little more. The Old Bear stuck in his sharp toes and said: "Oh, you are a good little pig!"

But pretty soon he begged once more: "It snows and it blows and I'm almost *froze*, and I pray, Little Pig, won't you let me get my head in?"

By this time, of course, the Little Pig had guessed who the Old Bear was, but he felt so lonesome that he told himself he didn't believe half those dreadful stories about him, so he opened the door a little wider. Then the Old Bear stuck in his paws and pushed it all the way open and jumped right into the room!

"Now," he growled, in a very gruff voice, "I'm going to EAT YOU UP!"

"Oh, oh, oh! Don't eat me, Mister Bear!" cried the Little Pig. "I am a good little pig."

"Good little pigs don't live all alone like this," growled the Old Bear, "and, besides, I'm hungry. I'm going to eat you up!"

"What can I do? What can I do?" thought the Little Pig to himself, and he wished his mother or his brothers and sisters were there to advise him. He remembered how they all said their prayers at night before going to sleep—and suddenly he thought of something.

"Please, Mister Bear," he said, "let me go upstairs and say my prayers first."

Well, the Bear was a rather stupid old thing, so he said: "All right, but you'll have to be quick about it."

So the Little Pig ran upstairs, but in just a few minutes he came running down. "Oh, Mister Bear, Mister Bear!" he cried. "I see so many men and dogs coming and all the men have guns."

"Oh, oh, oh, they are after me!" cried the Old Bear. "Save me, save me!"

"What can I do?" said the Little Pig. He was remembering all the wicked things the Bear had done and he was trying to think how he could rid the woods of him, for of course he had seen no men and dogs outside.

"Hide me, hide me!" begged the Old Bear.

So the Little Pig lifted up the trap door in the floor and said: "Jump right

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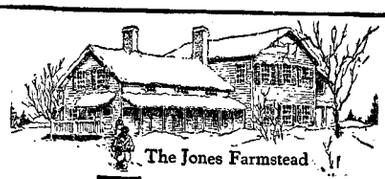
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down there, Mister Bear, into that big box."

"You certainly are a good little pig," said the Bear, and down he jumped.

Then the Little Pig ran quickly and got some boards and began fastening them over the top of the box with big strong nails, and the Old Bear called out: "What are you doing that for, Little Pig?"

"Oh," said the Little Pig, "I am going to fasten this cover on tight, so the men can't find you and so the dogs can't get you."

"Well, you are a good little pig," said the Old Bear.

Then the Little Pig ran and got a borer and began boring holes in the cover, and the Old Bear said: "What are you doing that for, Little Pig?"

And the Little Pig said: "So the air and light will come in, and you can see and breathe."

And the Old Bear said: "You surely are a good little pig."

Then the Little Pig went upstairs and built a big roaring fire and put on great kettles of water.

"What are you doing now, Little Pig?" called the Old Bear.

"Oh, I'm heating water to make porridge for your supper, so you won't be so hungry," said the Little Pig, and the Old Bear said: "Well, you certainly are a good little pig."

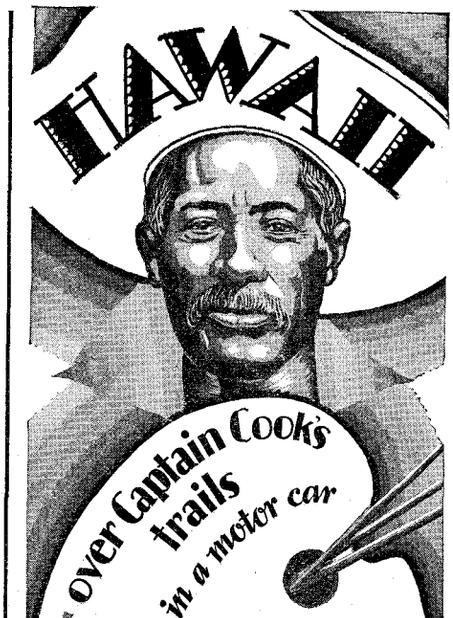
And the Little Pig kept up a great roaring fire until the water was boiling hot, then he carried a great kettleful down cellar and poured it quickly through the holes in the cover of the box. And the Old Bear was scalded to death before he knew it.

"Now, I've got you, Mister Bear," said the Little Pig, but then he sat down very suddenly, because his knees felt so weak and trembling. He began to long for his mother and his brothers and sisters, but he was afraid to go home alone through the woods for fear of meeting another bear. So he sat all alone in his little corn-cob house, and it grew darker and colder outside.

Presently came another knock at the door. The Little Pig was too frightened to answer. Another knock—and then he heard his own mother's voice calling: "Little Pig, let me in. It's Mother."

So the Little Pig ran joyfully to open the door, and when he saw his dear mother's face, he hugged her and kissed her and begged her to take him home again to all his brothers and sisters.

His mother was delighted to find him so much changed for the better, so they locked up the little corn-cob house and ran home together to the pig-pen, where they all lived happily ever after.



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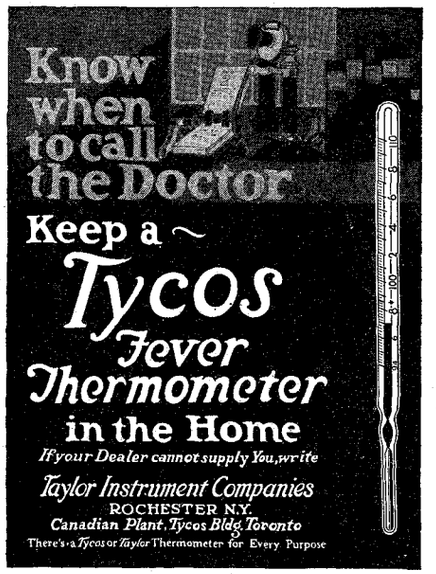

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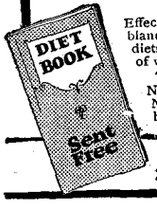

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Speaking of Books

A New Literary Department

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

THE books in greatest demand are usually those most discussed. The following list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by nine book-shops each week. These particular book-shops were chosen because we think that they reflect the tastes of the more representative readers. These shops are as follows:

New York—Brentano's.
Boston—Old Corner Book Store.
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.
Cleveland—Korner & Wood.
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort & Barney.
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Co.
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company.
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company.

Fiction

"Claire Ambler," by Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran & Co. Booth Tarkington's typical and painfully realistic flapper and flirt at sixteen, twenty, and twenty-five, breaking hearts at home and abroad. She is so real that you can hear her giggling coo, see her studiously nonchalant slouch. Every one who has enjoyed her Tarkingtonian predecessors will like to read about her. Reviewed January 25.

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. Albert and Charles Boni. A study in the operation of fate, whereby widely divergent lives are brought to the same end. This is not merely a clever device for relating fundamentally unrelated stories, as in "The Cabala" or in Lubbock's "Roman Pictures." Readers of this startlingly brilliant book will miss its worth if they fail to see the emotional depths which the shimmering surface covers. Reviewed by Mary Shirley, January 4.

"The Ugly Duchess," by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. The Viking Press. This story of mediæval Europe is told in the sober tones of realism. The duchess, ugliest of women, tries to sink the woman in the ruler, and fails. The background is the breaking up of a feudal society and is especially interesting to mediævalists. The story is stirring and powerful. Reviewed January 11.

"The Light Beyond," by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co. This is one of Oppenheim's typical international intrigue stories. It seems especially designed for American consumption, as the stalwart hero who turns diplomatic tricks, saves lady spies from the dire consequences of their misdeeds, is remarkably foolish in his love affair, and saves civilization practically single-handed is one of our own bright boys.

"Jalna," by Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown & Co. A clannish family in Canada survives the potentially disrupting love affairs of several members. If you like a good story, peopled by startling and brilliant caricatures, you will enjoy it. Reviewed November 2.

Non-Fiction

"Count Luckner, the Sea Devil," by Lowell Thomas. Doubleday, Page & Co. This is the account of Luckner, the daring German seaman, his sailing ship Seeadler, and their exploits in the World War. As thrilling as any old tale of privateering days, it brings back the ancient romance of the sea. Reviewed January 4.

"Bismarck," by Emil Ludwig. Little, Brown & Co. This splendid biography by a master craftsman is unhesitatingly recommended to any one with a taste for solid reading. Reviewed November 9.

"Napoleon," by Emil Ludwig. Boni & Liveright. You will find this engrossing biography a fine foot-note to the Napoleonic period. Reviewed November 9.

"Mother India," by Katherine Mayo. Harcourt, Brace & Co. This highly gifted reporter's account of some aspects of Indian society is not calculated to endear us to India, but is providing lively reading to lots of Americans. Reviewed June 22.

"Trader Horn," by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. Simon & Schuster. The romantic story of an ancient adventurer, full of poetry, guileless wisdom, action, information, and color. Reviewed November 16.

Bibliomania

THIS is a grave form of madness, and, indeed, incurable. Its victims are seldom violent; they are more foolish than frenzied. Its forms are many and curious, and it is our intention to describe some of them from time to time. So we shall be in the spirit of the day, which advocates preventive medicine and undertakes crusades against prevalent illnesses. Forewarned of the symptoms is forearmed against the sickness.

A SIGN of this madness is a great fondness for giving advice about books and for preparing reading lists for friends. This last ought to be known as the Idiot's Delight and played solitary, with pencil and paper. That rough yellow paper which is sprinkled with knots to catch the nib of the pen is cheap and practical. If the classics are to be suggested, the task is almost too cut and dried to give any pleasure beyond that of writing a good round hand, underlining neatly, and looking up dates in the encyclopædia. But if the list is to be of modern books, then there is almost no limit to the amount of solid comfort to be got out of making it. The madman fixes upon a date, and writes, "The Way of All Flesh," by Samuel Butler: The— But maybe you have a list of your own.

To be asked in company about books is an active irritant, and often precipitates a long attack of mania. Let us suppose you yourself to be a sufferer. You know the sensation of well-being which suffuses you when some one says, "What shall I read this winter?" You know how you settle back in your chair, cast a benign look on your questioner, clear your throat, and begin. The duration of your remarks will depend, not upon the flow of your ideas, which will be as that of sweet milk from the jug of Baucis, but upon the patience of your listener or upon his ability to throw his mind elsewhere while keeping his eyes fixed on your face. And when you

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have done, you will have done little harm. A few less invitations to that house, if you are guest; a few less visitors to yours, if you are host. At first blush, it is flattering to be asked about books. But beware; people will ask any one for advice about speak-easies, investments, dressmakers, or dentists. About books they ask only those who are very wise or very hard to talk to. And they never ask in order to be told.

If the recommending of books is a symptom of madness, how much more so is the buying of them for other people? We (in the singular) once sat at a dinner party next a man who has a great deal of money to spend for fun. We have since been told that he was, on that occasion, slightly pickled. But we prefer to believe that this is slander. Whatever the impetus, he confided a wish to have upon the tables of his parlors, for the pleasure of his guests, the finest old illustrated books on gardens that could be found. We accepted his confidences and, being about to sail for the book lover's heaven, his commission to spend for him some hundreds of golden guineas in the purchase of the nucleus of a fine gardening library. The next two months were rosy ones. There were the books to build a bower round, and here the money for to buy them. We found the ones that the large-minded gentleman should have expected if he had known anything, and some that the best-informed dared not have set his heart upon. We found an ancient Dutch herbal, printed in black-letter with woodcuts of a thousand shrubs and flowers. There is another like it at The Hague. We found Gervase Markham on "The Compleat Gentleman Farmer" and Repton's bound plans for landscaping the English gardens; folios made like the picture books of our nursery days wherein a sort of lever at the bottom of each page when turned alters and shifts each design to another one. These were the plans that spoiled in England so many clipped and formal terraces, dark with stiff boxwood and intricate with yew, and substituted for them a sort of pseudo-nature. You will remember that when the party from Mansfield Park went over to Southerton to call upon Mr. Rushworth and his mother the plans for improvements which he was making in his shrubberies and hahas were after Repton. Our patron did not remember it, nor that Mrs. Ewing's "Mary's Meadow," upon which we were reared, had depended for its life upon Parkinson's "Paradisus in Sole," which we found, *with* the rare frontispiece—depended as mistletoe on oak. He did not remember these things; and he did not like those beautiful books. Their "slightly foxed" pages, their marginalia in the Latin letterings of coeval readers and the thin Spencerian script of recent ones, their faded woodcuts, the gracious wording of their forgotten wisdom—these were to him only blemishes. And, furthermore, he wanted colored pictures.

So his guests, waiting in the parlors for their cocktails, were doomed still to finger the deckle edges of the Roycroft "Rubaiyat." And the books went back to England whence they came, and were sold again. And bought again—bought perhaps by another victim of the madness of books, another fool rushing in where angels walk as on eggs, if at all.

F. C. L. R.

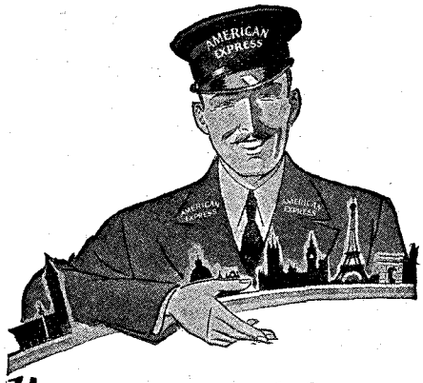
Understanding China

By EDWARD H. HUME

"China: A Nation in Evolution," by Paul Monroe. The Macmillan Company, New York.

Professor Monroe's book is welcome for many reasons; above all, because his attitude is both discriminating and sympathetic. Four elements stand out as one reads the book through with care. First, as the author himself states in the preface, the book is written "for the average American, puzzled by the complexity of the problem, by the strangeness of the names of places and of people; confused by the contradictory character of the news; yet earnestly desirous of understanding." No book has appeared for several years that is marked by such clarity in regard to the whole problem of China, and yet so thoroughly within the grasp of all. The author recognizes that the problem is not going to be solved quickly, and yet urges that its salient features can be, and should be, understood by thoughtful Americans.

In the second place, the book shows a keen insight into the spirit and structure of Chinese society. What could illustrate this better than the apt quotations from the sages that are interspersed between the chapters? For one thing, to every Chinese the very knowledge of these extracts from the classics is evidence of a penetration that they admire, and without which they scarcely believe any Westerner enters into their thought life. Thus: "To complete a thing, a hundred years is not sufficient; to destroy, one day is more than enough;" "The commander of the forces of a large state may be carried off; but the will even of a common man cannot be taken from him;" "Heaven's views may be known from the people's views, and Heaven's desires from the desires of the



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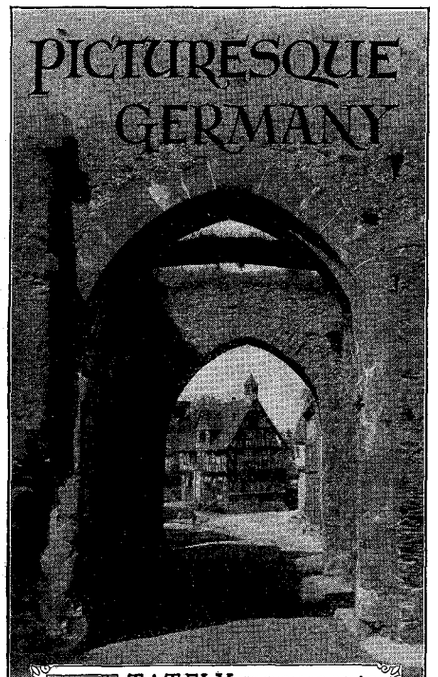

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people;" "If you visit a foreign state, ask what the prohibitions are; if you go into a strange neighborhood, inquire what the manners and customs are." Equally penetrating is Professor Monroe's order of topics in the first few chapters. In dealing with the sequence of changes that are being compressed into the space of a single generation, he begins with the intellectual transition, something absolutely fundamental in the life of China; and then goes on to deal with the religious readjustments and the political revolution. Of the latter, he says with remarkable perspicacity that "the political transition is more obvious and external" than the other changes. Westerners need to bear in mind that the Chinese are far less politically minded than they themselves are. The Chinese will have to work out unified government in ways and with resources quite different from those of other nations.

Thirdly, we have in this book a clear and connected statement of American policy with reference to China. The author is as familiar with the thought and activity of our State Department as any one outside the Government can be; and yet he views the entire problem of relationship with a refreshing objectivity. Chapter IX, dealing with this theme, is one of the most important in the book, and should be read with care.

Finally, Professor Monroe has discovered, and urges upon us, the fact "that the major factor in the situation now is not political but psychological." What has hindered many of our efforts in the past is an indifference toward and an ignorance of the Chinese mind. It is this that causes much of the misunderstanding today, and is likely, unless removed, to cause hostility in the future. It is a wise observation that concludes, "In every point of contact with the Chinese at the present time, what the Westerner does is a less important consideration than what the Chinese thinks." This recognition of the clash of Western and Chinese view-points is well developed in the section dealing with the growth of "spheres of influence." He quotes a British Foreign Minister who cynically remarked to the Chinese representative, "When you have the same naval power as Japan you will receive the same consideration." The effect of such attitudes on the mental response of the Chinese is not difficult to imagine.

The final chapters, "From the Inside Looking Out" and "From the Outside Looking In," sum up so much fine understanding and so broad a philosophy for us all that they alone should lead

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"Avarice House"

By MARY SHIRLEY

"Avarice House," by Julian Green. Translated by Marshall A. Best. Harper & Brothers.

Those amiable theorists who tell us that poverty develops the finer qualities of character must find "Avarice House" a perverse and unsatisfactory volume. The sweetness of adversity is pretty well curdled by the time Julian Green gets through with it. He holds the Civil War responsible for the devastating greed of Mrs. Fletcher, product of the galling economies of the reconstruction period, and her daughter Emily, brought up in poverty and fear, who engage in a fight to the death for possession of Ashley House, while the horrible grandmother fans the flame of their obsession. The author strikes a grim, ironic note when he has Emily confess to the minister that she is subject to "evil thoughts." The good man leaps to the conclusion that she is troubled with the sexual unrest of adolescence, and urges her to marry at once. As it happens, Emily's "temptation" is to murder her mother, but she takes the Rev. Mr. Sedgwick's advice literally and marries the man nearest at hand, thereby precipitating disaster and leaving the minister to reflect, presumably, that sex is not the only sin, after all.

Julian Green is one of those linguistic phenomena who think by choice and, moreover, write in other than their native tongues. Aside from Joseph Conrad, the most illustrious example of intellectual naturalization, George Moore and various lesser men have from time to time found French the suitable vehicle for occasional expression. Publishers and reviewers have been busy for some weeks telling the world that Green is an American who deliberately writes in French, so that this fact, interesting but not particularly significant, threatens to loom above all critical consideration. Living in France and writing in French does not make a writer, as such, behave like a French human being. Americans like Shaw's Chocolate Soldier, suffer from incurably romantic dispositions and the American mind does not work best with such unlovely material as the three mænads of "Avarice House." All our real writing artists, from Hawthorne to Hergesheimer, have found romance their better medium. Even Ernest Hemingway—rated as a realist, *mais oui!*—deals in the sumptuous substances of romance, bull-fights and such. It would seem that stark realism can be handled movingly by only two types of authors: those with the spiritual and poetic endowment of Eugene O'Neill, for instance, or with the metallic brilliance of the Gallic intelligence. In the translation of "Avarice House" we miss the precise click-click of the French language, no doubt, but also something deeper, even more racial than speech—the essential hardness of the French mind, something to put one's teeth into.

It seems obvious that Julian Green has felt the Poe influence, via Paris, finding the longest way round the shortest way home to some of Poe's horror, if not his fantasy. The scene of "Avarice House," by the way, is Poe's Virginia. Falling a little short of profound tragedy, this novel is still an authentic statement that literary America is coming of age. Two notable novels of the South have appeared recently. Compare "My Heart and My Flesh" or "Avarice House" with the Southern story of fifteen years ago, and see how we have grown up!

Our Own Theatre List

(*See "Lights Down: A Review of the Stage," on page 225*)

"Coquette," Maxine Elliott.—Comedy, tragedy; youth in a small Southern town; Helen Hayes and excellent cast; first choice for tears and humor.

"Escape," Booth.—Galsworthy's melodrama; an English gentleman, escaped from prison, plays hare to the constables' hounds in many exciting situations; Leslie Howard; what would you do if he took refuge with you?

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"The Doctor's Dilemma," Guild.—Farce, comedy, including a death scene; Shaw's fling at the doctors and people who think their own morality the only one; Alfred Lunt; better than ever.

"Trial of Mary Dugan," National.—Mystery, murder, melodrama; circumstantial evidence turned inside out before your eye, convincingly acted; you won't move.

"The Royal Family," Selwyn.—Comedy; home hubbub of a family of famous theatrical stars; fairly well acted; so funny that it sometimes isn't real enough to be as good as it should be.

"Porgy," Republic.—Folk-play; Negro life along Charleston water-front; real Negroes; a gorgeous thing, if simply for its pastel colors and primitive music.

"Broadway," Broadhurst.—Melodrama; life backstage in a Broadway cabaret; excellently done; rum, passion, and pistols.

"The Shannons of Broadway," Martin Beck.—Comedy, melodrama; vaudeville actors running a small-town hotel; James and Lucile Gleason; good hard-boiled sentiment and some music.

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Best Musical Shows

"Funny Face," Alvin.—The Astaires, Gershwin music; best on Broadway.

"Show Boat," Ziegfeld.—Better than Ziegfeld's good ones.

"The Mikado," Royale.—Gilbert and Sullivan; better than you've seen it in years.

"Manhattan Mary," Apollo.—Ed Wynn. What more? Well, not much.

"A Connecticut Yankee," Vanderbilt.—Good lyrics and music; not much Mark Twain.

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